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No. 3.

THE ORGAN OF THE MUSES

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY

MARCH 1864.

AND REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE  
THE DRAMA & THE ARTS.

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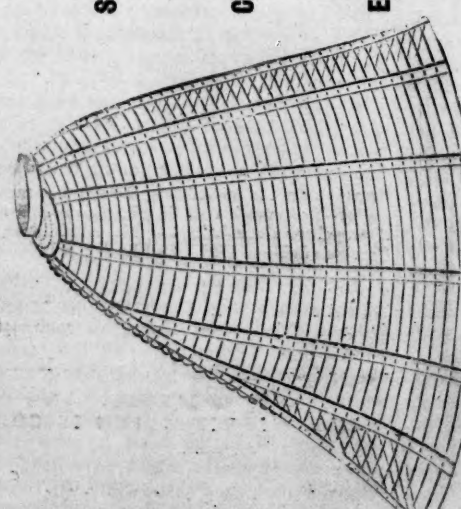


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## Editorials.

### THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY COMMITTEES.

In our last number we published some strictures upon the London and self-styled "National" Shakspeare Tercentenary Committee, and our article concluded with hopes of improvement which can scarcely now be verified. Many secessions have weakened a body which was never strong, and which, in spite of its imposing designation, never commanded public respect or confidence. Numerous enough to form the Parliament of a nation, it was never "national," in the sense of representing the talent, the art, and the desires of the country; and if anything was wanted to prevent its working for good, it was only that which has now happened—the vote of want of confidence recorded against it by its own seceding members. While we write, we scarcely know whether the "National" Committee still possesses sufficient coherence to merit the name of a body. Its dissolution might have already occurred, for all public interest that it excites. During its brief existence it has drawn attention only by its squabbles and its scandals; and now that these have resulted in disruption, and quarrels have been ended by the separation of opponents, the proceedings of the London Committee, if they have lately been engaged in any, are less discussed than the proceedings of Convocation or of the Metropolitan Board of Works in ordinary times. Were the Committee now merely at the commencement of its career, were its composition satisfactory and its ranks unweakened by wholesale schism, the present unobtrusive character of its existence might be looked upon as a good sign—a sign that it was going about its work properly; but looking at the present state of the body by the light of its own antecedents, we perceive only a sign of exhaustion; and we venture to prophesy, that if the London Committee lingers in being until the 23rd of April, it will be only to give a crowning proof of its incapability and impotence on that day, and exhibit for all fruit of its labour a ridiculous mouse.

Meanwhile, a Committee has been started at Stratford-on-Avon, which, besides combining with local Committees for common objects, has established a branch in London. Less pretentious than its elder rival, and without the latter's unwieldiness, it bade fair at least to prepare and conduct a fitting celebration of the tercentenary at the great Bard's birthplace, home, and grave. People who had lost all faith in the "National" Committee, and had ceased to accord any attention to its proceedings, began to look with interest to the Stratford Committee, as, to some extent at least, a possible exponent and agent of the nation's desire. But, unfortunately, circumstances which have recently become known have considerably condensed the steam of public anticipation. We allude, of course, to the facts disclosed in the statement and correspondence which Mr. PHELPS has communicated to the papers.

To understand that gentleman's grievance, we must give a succinct narrative of the facts. On the 7th of December the Committee solicited Mr. PHELPS to participate in the dramatic performances to be held in Stratford-on-Avon in April. He replied, that if his services were not required at Drury Lane on the 23rd of that month, he should be glad to give his aid. It was then represented to him that no dramatic performance was projected for that day at Stratford, but that *Hamlet* would be produced on the 26th, and that a gentleman would wait upon him, on the part of the Committee, in a few days. For a month Mr. PHELPS heard no more of the matter, when he wrote to the Stratford Committee. Before his note could be answered, he received a communication from the Rev. Mr. BELLEW, dated Bedford Chapel, in which he was informed that *Cymbeline* was to be played on the 26th, and he was requested to play "Iachimo." Mr. PHELPS subsequently received an intimation that M. FECHTER had agreed, on the request of the Committee, to play "Hamlet," and on his expressing natural indignation at the slight passed upon him, he was offered the choice of any other character.

We believe that we have stated the facts fairly, if briefly, as between the Committee and Mr. PHELPS, who, we are glad to perceive, has had spirit to resent in honest terms the treatment he has received. Take his case upon any grounds, he is an ill-used man, and we deeply regret that an irresponsible clique should have found it in their power to wound the self-love of one every way their superior. Our greatest living interpreter of SHAKSPEARE has done well in appealing to the verdict of public opinion. We say "our greatest living interpreter of SHAKSPEARE;" for even supposing M. FECHTER his equal, which we do not, the latter is not of us nationally, and can claim no right to a foremost place in a national commemoration of our national poet. He may be accorded a place of honour as an esteemed guest, but it is only bad taste that would thrust him to the head of the table. Far be it from us to depreciate the merits of M. FECHTER; but it is quite another thing to advocate his being placed in a position to overtop a native artist of at least equal fame.

But Mr. PHELPS has claims upon the British public even beyond the fact of his being an Englishman unsurpassed among his contemporaries in Shaksperian delineation. As the manager of a theatre, he has produced thirty-four of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, which, under his auspices, have obtained more than four thousand representations. At Sadlers Wells, for years, he set a bright example to managers who might have boasted of more refined audiences, and contrived, by the powers of his genius, to make the deep and massive works of SHAKSPEARE popular with the humbler classes, while their betters in the West could be made to tolerate only Frenchified melodramas. It requires no argument to prove the excellence of the actor who could effect this, or of the manager who could project it. Mr. PHELPS and Sadler's Wells have been so identified with the plays of the Bard of

Avon that they have become necessarily concurrent ideas in the minds of the present generation. Fittingly, therefore, does this accomplished actor close his correspondence with the Stratford Committee by saying:—

"I will quote your own words:—'To you we first wrote inviting your co-operation.' I in all courtesy acceded. One would have supposed that in common decency the next step would have been to consult my inclination with regard to the character I should, at all events, wish to appear in. Instead of which, I hear no more on the subject for weeks; and when I do, I find that another gentleman has been solicited to act the part of 'Hamlet,' which I should certainly have chosen, and that *Cymbeline* had been selected for me without one word having been addressed to me on the subject. If this is the courtesy due from the body of gentlemen you speak of to another gentleman whose assistance they had sought, I can only say that the sooner our dictionaries find another definition of the term the better."

In conclusion, we can only express our deep regret that the honoured name of SHAKSPEARE has been made the watchword of so many party and personal quarrels; and we could almost wish that the tercentenary of his birth had passed unremarked rather than these bitternesses should have been evoked over his tomb. To Mr. PHELPS in this dispute we accord our hearty sympathy, and trust he will wash his hands of Tercentenary Committees, allowing the pigmies to make themselves ridiculous in his absence. If he is sore under his treatment, let him consider that even a fly may torment a lion, and that in rough-and-tumble fights in the mire even the victor is scarcely a gainer in regard to appearance. For the Stratford Committee, we shall watch its future proceedings with some interest, though with diminished confidence.

### LATTER-DAY SENSATION.

SENSATION would be rather too trite a theme on which to found an article in a magazine or journal addressed to the general, sensation-loving public; but as we have a right to consider our readers untainted with this mental vice of the day, we expect them to tolerate a few observations on its causes and effects. Instead of indulging in mere deprecatory rhapsody or rhetorical invective, we wish to make a quiet analysis of an evil which we are not such quacks as to think of remedying by a few strokes of the pen; though, as a clear understanding of the malady is necessary to its cure, we may be helping the latter by contributing to the former.

Sensationalism (if we may be allowed the term) is not a new phase in humanity, peculiar to our own day. Surely, the shows provided for the people in the old Roman amphitheatres and in the jousting-lists of the middle ages were no mean excitements of sensation. Or, to come later, were the bull and bear-baiting, the cock-fighting, and other cruel sports of the last century, less sensational than the public exhibitions of our times? Certainly not. We may flock to view a great horse-race; but cruelty to animals is not an essential ingredient of our enjoyment of sport. No doubt, with thousands the extreme vital peril of BLOODY



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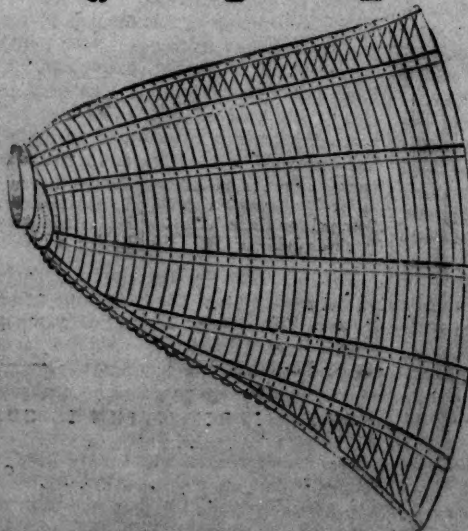
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# THE MUSICAL MONTHLY

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THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS  
ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

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## Editorials.

### THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY COMMITTEES.

In our last number we published some strictures upon the London and self-styled "National" Shakspeare Tercentenary Committee, and our article concluded with hopes of improvement which can scarcely now be verified. Many secessions have weakened a body which was never strong, and which, in spite of its imposing designation, never commanded public respect or confidence. Numerous enough to form the Parliament of a nation, it was never "national," in the sense of representing the talent, the art, and the desires of the country; and if anything was wanted to prevent its working for good, it was only that which has now happened—the vote of want of confidence recorded against it by its own seceding members. While we write, we scarcely know whether the "National" Committee still possesses sufficient coherence to merit the name of a body. Its dissolution might have already occurred, for all public interest that it excites. During its brief existence it has drawn attention only by its squabbles and its scandals; and now that these have resulted in disruption, and quarrels have been ended by the separation of opponents, the proceedings of the London Committee, if they have lately been engaged in any, are less discussed than the proceedings of Convocation or of the Metropolitan Board of Works in ordinary times. Were the Committee now merely at the commencement of its career, were its composition satisfactory and its ranks unweakened by wholesale schism, the present unobtrusive character of its existence might be looked upon as a good sign—a sign that it was going about its work properly; but looking at the present state of the body by the light of its own antecedents, we perceive only a sign of exhaustion; and we venture to prophesy, that if the London Committee lingers in being until the 23rd of April, it will be only to give a crowning proof of its incapability and impotence on that day, and exhibit for all fruit of its labour a ridiculous mouse.

Meanwhile, a Committee has been started at Stratford-on-Avon, which, besides combining with local Committees for common objects, has established a branch in London. Less pretentious than its elder rival, and without the latter's unwieldiness, it bade fair at least to prepare and conduct a fitting celebration of the tercentenary at the great Bard's birthplace, home, and grave. People who had lost all faith in the "National" Committee, and had ceased to accord any attention to its proceedings, began to look with interest to the Stratford Committee, as, to some extent at least, a possible exponent and agent of the nation's desire. But, unfortunately, circumstances which have recently become known have considerably condensed the steam of public anticipation. We allude, of course, to the facts disclosed in the statement and correspondence which Mr. PHELPS has communicated to the papers.

To understand that gentleman's grievance, we must give a succinct narrative of the facts. On the 7th of December the Committee solicited Mr. PHELPS to participate in the dramatic performances to be held in Stratford-on-Avon in April. He replied, that if his services were not required at Drury Lane on the 23rd of that month, he should be glad to give his aid. It was then represented to him that no dramatic performance was projected for that day at Stratford, but that *Hamlet* would be produced on the 26th, and that a gentleman would wait upon him, on the part of the Committee, in a few days. For a month Mr. PHELPS heard no more of the matter, when he wrote to the Stratford Committee. Before his note could be answered, he received a communication from the Rev. Mr. BELLEW, dated Bedford Chapel, in which he was informed that *Cymbeline* was to be played on the 26th, and he was requested to play "Iachimo." Mr. PHELPS subsequently received an intimation that M. FECHTER had agreed, on the request of the Committee, to play "Hamlet," and on his expressing natural indignation at the slight passed upon him, he was offered the choice of any other character.

We believe that we have stated the facts fairly, if briefly, as between the Committee and Mr. PHELPS, who, we are glad to perceive, has had spirit to resent in honest terms the treatment he has received. Take his case upon any grounds, he is an ill-used man, and we deeply regret that an irresponsible clique should have found it in their power to wound the self-love of one every way their superior. Our greatest living interpreter of SHAKSPEARE has done well in appealing to the verdict of public opinion. We say "our greatest living interpreter of SHAKSPEARE;" for even supposing M. FECHTER his equal, which we do not, the latter is not of us nationally, and can claim no right to a foremost place in a national commemoration of our national poet. He may be accorded a place of honour as an esteemed guest, but it is only bad taste that would thrust him to the head of the table. Far be it from us to depreciate the merits of M. FECHTER; but it is quite another thing to advocate his being placed in a position to overtop a native artist of at least equal fame.

But Mr. PHELPS has claims upon the British public even beyond the fact of his being an Englishman unsurpassed among his contemporaries in Shaksperian delineation. As the manager of a theatre, he has produced thirty-four of SHAKSPEARE's plays, which, under his auspices, have obtained more than four thousand representations. At Sadler's Wells, for years, he set a bright example to managers who might have boasted of more refined audiences, and contrived, by the powers of his genius, to make the deep and massive works of SHAKSPEARE popular with the humbler classes, while their betters in the West could be made to tolerate only Frenchified melodramas. It requires no argument to prove the excellence of the actor who could effect this, or of the manager who could project it. Mr. PHELPS and Sadler's Wells have been so identified with the plays of the Bard of

Avon that they have become necessarily concurrent ideas in the minds of the present generation. Fittingly, therefore, does this accomplished actor close his correspondence with the Stratford Committee by saying:—

"I will quote your own words:—'To you we first wrote inviting your co-operation.' I in all courtesy acceded. One would have supposed that in common decency the next step would have been to consult my inclination with regard to the character I should, at all events, wish to appear in. Instead of which, I hear no more on the subject for weeks; and when I do, I find that another gentleman has been solicited to act the part of 'Hamlet,' which I should certainly have chosen, and that *Cymbeline* had been selected for me without one word having been addressed to me on the subject. If this is the courtesy due from the body of gentlemen you speak of to another gentleman whose assistance they had sought, I can only say that the sooner our dictionaries find another definition of the term the better."

In conclusion, we can only express our deep regret that the honoured name of SHAKSPEARE has been made the watchword of so many party and personal quarrels; and we could almost wish that the tercentenary of his birth had passed unremarked rather than these bitternesses should have been evoked over his tomb. To Mr. PHELPS in this dispute we accord our hearty sympathy, and trust he will wash his hands of Tercentenary Committees, allowing the pigmies to make themselves ridiculous in his absence. If he is sore under his treatment, let him consider that even a fly may torment a lion, and that in rough-and-tumble fights in the mire even the victor is scarcely a gainer in regard to appearance. For the Stratford Committee, we shall watch its future proceedings with some interest, though with diminished confidence.

### LATTER-DAY SENSATION.

SENSATION would be rather too trite a theme on which to found an article in a magazine or journal addressed to the general, sensation-loving public; but as we have a right to consider our readers untainted with this mental vice of the day, we expect them to tolerate a few observations on its causes and effects. Instead of indulging in mere deprecatory rhapsody or rhetorical invective, we wish to make a quiet analysis of an evil which we are not such quacks as to think of remedying by a few strokes of the pen; though, as a clear understanding of the malady is necessary to its cure, we may be helping the latter by contributing to the former.

Sensationalism (if we may be allowed the term) is not a new phase in humanity, peculiar to our own day. Surely, the shows provided for the people in the old Roman amphitheatres and in the jousting-lists of the middle ages were no mean excitants of sensation. Or, to come later, were the bull and bear-baiting, the cock-fighting, and other cruel sports of the last century, less sensational than the public exhibitions of our times? Certainly not. We may flock to view a great horserace; but cruelty to animals is not an essential ingredient of our enjoyment of sport. No doubt, with thousands the extreme vital peril of Blondin's



performances gave the zest to them; but these spectators were satisfied—nay, often overwhelmed with a sight infinitely less sensational than the gladiatorial combats in the arenas of old Rome. We are better than our ancestors and predecessors upon the earth, in this matter; but a similar feeling resides within us, though less exaggerated in development. Indeed, sensation—that is, excitement of the sensibilities beyond that effected by the mere ordinary routine of life—has been, is, and always will be a necessity of man. A cat or a dog may be content with the moderate supply of its animal wants and a life of monotonous indolence or equally monotonous toil; but if man's sensibilities did not receive the occasional extra excitement they crave, he would sink into a mere animal. The excitement may be vicious, debasing, elevating, or devotional; but under its influence man becomes more than an animal for good or evil.

Sensation, then, need not be an evil. The musician may be innocently under its domination as he listens to a new masterpiece, the virtuoso in contemplating a fine statue or picture, the linguist in devouring a new grammar, the devotee in listening to a stirring exhortation. The fine arts are absolutely founded upon the sensational principle in man: every work of art is specially intended to excite the sensibilities in an uncommon manner. And art has never had more who could feel its elevating excitements than at the present day. If this be the case—while vulgar pastimes have become less gross than ever—what have the artist and the man of letters to deplore? Let us endeavour to explain.

In earlier days of our literature, before the spread of knowledge by the steam press, readers were comparatively few, and were imbued with far more artistic taste than the mass of readers at the present day. It was not sufficient then to acquire the almost mechanical art of reading in order to become a reader. Our authors in those times, writing for a cultivated few, were artists, classical in thought and expression; and educated, artistic feeling was necessary to the comprehension and appreciation of their works. In short, writers and readers, being almost alike well cultivated in order to belong to either order, reacted upon each other in sustaining the purity of literature. It is true that literature was occasionally prostituted, as every art has been; but, on the whole, authors in the days of SHAKESPEARE, of MILTON, of ADDISON, of JOHNSON, were professors of a fine art.

What is the difference in our day? The gold in too many cases has been merely extended under the beater's hammer, until it has become almost valueless, and exhibits only the superficial brilliance of the precious metal, without weight or depth. Writers are seldom now like the sturdy miners who formerly dug the solid nuggets of thought out of the mine of study. Literature, or rather printing, seems to have spread almost too fast—faster than the cultivation of intellect, though this may appear a paradox. Writers and readers have arisen in vast numbers, equally unable to produce or appreciate artistic works of literature; and these, reacting upon each other, have produced that morbidly sensational style of writing which people of taste so greatly deprecate in the present day. Men without true literary art, without educated feeling or knowledge of the higher powers of thought and language—writing for a class who perchance might not appreciate these—have eked out the baldness of their style with exaggerated sentiment and monstrous conceptions, until they have inaugurated that school which we specially denominate the "sensational." They cannot construct the plot of a readable novel without seasoning their otherwise insipid dish with a few murders and other capital crimes. The less probable, if the more horrible, the incidents they concoct, the better they succeed; and through constantly pandering to and stimulating a depraved appetite in their readers, they find themselves under the necessity of heightening the relish in each new dish they produce.

That such writings have a corrupting tendency, no well-balanced mind will doubt; and we might not unreasonably trace in them one remote cause of the murders and other grave offences now so prevalent. The reading of them, it is true, may not

be so debasing and brutalizing a pastime as the witnessing of olden sports; but the man of refined taste may well regret that the spread of a certain degree of instruction among the masses has caused the creation of a spurious kind of literature to take the place and perform the functions of ancient sensational pastimes. Moreover, this depravity in novel-writing has reacted upon the stage—upon what we were wont to consider the legitimate stage—until theatres have too often become mere substitutes for bear-gardens and cock-pits in producing vulgar excitement, instead of schools in which manners are softened and minds elevated by the influence of an ingenuous art. Not content with prostituting the arts of Fiction and the Drama, "sensation" has invaded the realms of the twin sisters Music and Song; and in our metropolitan music-halls and our popular song-books we have further instances how the fine arts may be abused, or simulated with more or less success, for the production of unwholesome excitement.

Unfortunately, this tendency to degrade or parody the fine arts for "sensational" purposes has recently affected even the more cultivated classes of society. Nevertheless we do not despair. Grosser sensation may have its day among the educated, as horse-eating may become fashionable among epicures. We do not despair of those who have all the means of cultivation within their reach, and are almost perforce compelled to use them. What we wish to see is the spread of these means of cultivation among the masses, until they shall have acquired that degree of appreciation which will prefer the gentle excitements of pure art and literature to the grosser stimulants of unartistic concoctions. In attaining this end we may all assist by adopting or furthering every scheme for the mental improvement of the masses—not merely for the teaching of barren facts and figures, but for the softening of the heart, the purification of the mind, and the elevation of the intellect.

#### METROPOLITAN MUSIC-HALLS.

POPE expressed his idea of music and its influences upon the human feelings in the following words:—

"Buoyant music waves about the breast,  
And lifts it up from what is dark below."

Had a race of beings set themselves to the task of refuting this opinion, and proving that POPE had imbibed an altogether erroneous conception of the relation in which music ought to stand to humanity—that the art, in fact, is not divine, but especially adapted for sublunary and commercial purposes, they would probably not have succeeded more entirely to their wishes than the proprietors and managers of our metropolitan "music" halls have succeeded, though perhaps ignorantly, in attaining the same end. Until, in an ill-omened hour, we ventured within the doors of one of the most pretentious of the establishments under notice, we had ventured to indulge the belief that we as a nation, and more particularly that we as denizens of a great modern city, within whose limits a myriad evidences of advancing civilization are to be found, had emerged from that state of barbarism in which countenance was given to every licence, to every violation of good taste, to every plausible superstition whether in theology or in art. We conceived that we had all learnt sufficiently those *ingenuas artes* which the old and hackneyed Latin couplet tells us *emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus*. But we were rudely aroused from our dream of credulity. We had been some time abroad, and whilst absent had heard many reports of the rapid advance which music was making, especially among the middle and even the lower orders of society. We were told of the chaste pleasure abundantly supplied at the Monday Popular Concerts, and of the fabulous sums which were given to celebrated cantatrices in order to procure their services at shilling promenade concerts. Could we then entertain any other notion than that the "music" halls were a result of what may be called the popular music mania? Like the unhappy mariners who could not withstand the fascinating songs of the treacherous syrens, we, as we have said, allowed our love of the divine art to seduce us into purchasing a metal ticket at the bar of a pot-house, and

to take our seat above a beer-drinking and odorous community—to be tortured by counterfeit Muses, and to be disgusted by performances certainly not more intelligent than the holiday idiocy of country fairs.

As for the music. These halls have tried hard to win a reputation by means of their musical programmes. They have seized hold with sacrilegious fingers on great names, in the vain hope that they should not share a fate similar to that of SHAKESPEARE'S rose, which retains its odour under whatever title it is known to the world. They have pinned on to their diminishing sides noble pinions, and struggled hard to fly therewith, but have come to far greater and more lamentable grief than their mythological predecessor ICARUS, who at least fell into the pure sea, whilst the emulous beerhouse-keeper tumbles most ungracefully on to the mire of his own dunghill, from which he has been accustomed to crow so lustily. We shall not here explain the cause of these egregious failures. We shall only point to the utter vanity of such attempts, and ask these *soi-disant* musical publicans why they do not adhere to

"Their lean and flashy songs,"

which—in the words of MILTON—

"Grate on their scranell pipes of wretched straw?"

We should imagine that common sense would have dictated this mode of procedure. It is the lean and flashy song which "brings down" your modern "music" hall. Something in the style of RABELAIS' easy-chair is what the audience wants for an evening's half-hour, if that chair could be deprived of all its refined humour and left in possession of its lascivious wit.

We come, then, to the remainder of the performances, and we enter upon the task with a strong wonder that so much tomfoolery and stupidity can be tolerated, and even occasionally joyfully accepted, by any portion of the population. The dramatic part of the arrangements are seldom superior to the musical, too often vastly inferior. We have used the word "dramatic" simply because it is the most concise way of describing the entertainment, although we are quite aware how ludicrously absurd the application of a word connected with so much that is noble must sound when associated with the rankest bunkum out of America. It is just possible that upon some isolated occasion an artiste may surpass herself in the vulgarity of her delineations, when the semi-intoxicated and passionate audience gives vent to an hysterical burst of applause—and we must allow a small amount of art in doing anything, even of the lowest and most objectionable character, very well. But art, even of this questionable nature is rare, and the staple form of attraction is audacious blarney. There invariably appears to be a thorough understanding between the "gods" and the platform, and many enormities are flatteringly tolerated because the buffoon is careful to insinuate that he is only pandering to a weak side of his hearers, who, he would suggest, are a highly-gifted and intellectual set of people.

To return to our prime complaint against these halls, which is, that they should prostitute to their miserable purposes the title of "music" halls, we would remind the projectors of such schemes of the fate of MARSYAS, the unhappy satyr of PHRYGIA, who, on finding the flute thrown away by MINERVA, became emulous of APOLLO. The Muses judged in the contest, and gave a verdict in favour of APOLLO, who thereupon had the right to do what he pleased with MARSYAS, whom he tied to a tree and flayed alive as a punishment for his presumption. If MARSYAS, assisted by the flute of MINERVA, which of its own action emitted the most thrilling strains, deserved vivisection for presuming to challenge APOLLO, what ought to be the fate of our satyrs of modern Babylon, who, by their glaring placards announce their claim to rank their reeking gin palaces among the chaste metropolitan homes of the Muses? Extermination would be too mild a sentence. Drowning in the river which flowed, as the myth relates, from the blood of MARSYAS would be an end too refined. But to drop from mythology to prosaic argument, we would look for a moment at the peculiar portion of society of which these halls are the fungus growth. We immediately dis-

cover that the frequenters and supporters of these places of resort are men and women of intelligence, although in the majority of instances morally vicious. But we are not among those who believe in a permanently vitiated state of nature; we even venture to hold the opinion that all men are susceptible to wholesome influences, and, had they a choice in the matter, would prefer good to evil. This is, we are aware, too charitable a creed to be generally accepted, and there is little probability that it will become more popular whilst these "music" halls pave so smooth a downward course. We will not say that amendment is impossible, although such institutions are founded upon a villainously bad principle; and if good music, such as *Pope* describes as calculated to lift up the soul from what is dark below, were introduced, the house would be divided against itself. Consequently, we would suggest to the proprietors of these concerns, whether they should not limit their ambition, and call their vulgar instrument by some appropriate name, and refrain from shocking the rapidly growing good taste of the people of London, by disguising their miserable counterfeit under a simulated respectability.

## Contributed Essays.

### SHAKSPEARE COMMEMORATIONS.

MANY and widely different have been the suggestions as to what would constitute the best and most suitable manner of commemorating William Shakspeare. As in the time when a certain town was besieged, the curriers suggested leather, the carpenters wood, and the masons stone, for its fortifications; so now, in regard to this matter, actors will suggest the foundation of a theatre, to be devoted to Shakspeare's or Shaksperian plays, and authors and publishers suggest either the universal diffusion of his works in all languages, or that a gorgeous and elaborate edition should be brought out "regardless of expense." However, it is but fair to state that among the advocates of the former are authors, and they dramatists too, who, as it is obvious, in this manner make a suggestion for Shakspeare's honour to their own detriment, unless there is laid under this suggestion a saving clause by which the works of the contemporary writers that are followers of Shakspeare are to be represented.

For the present we shall turn aside from a drama, the *dénouement* of which will shortly be laid before the public, in order to take a brief retrospect of what was done on a similar occasion.

In 1769 a like matter occupied the attention of the literary persons of the day. In this year took place that celebration now remembered as Garrick's Jubilee—Garrick's, for it served rather for his glorification than that of him who was ostensibly its object. Garrick was then in the height of his popularity, and his recitation of the ode was considered in its way as a *chef d'œuvre*. We remember once having seen an engraving in a magazine of the day, in which Garrick was depicted at full length, surrounded by all the rank and fashion of the time, dressed out in full fig, or we might say in *pontificalibus*, and in full theatrical swing, delivering his ode. We trust that we have advanced enough in discrimination, as well as in years, in this our civilized age, to prevent the wrong man being the object of our adulation, and we have every reason to be sanguine that there shall not be on this occasion a like error, as there is not much likelihood of people falling down to worship the numerous little nobodies, the pigmies, the poor flies struggling to be preserved in amber, that form the present commemorators.

In the first century after Shakspeare's birth, he was not, from many causes, as yet generally appreciated; in the second his greatness had dawned upon the people, and in the third—we feel the third century nudging us to go on to make a climax, but we cannot; the third century has been, or we fear will be a failure, at least as to honouring him at stated times or seasons. England already has honoured her national Bard, when we find some of her greatest men devoting their best energies to the elucidation of his life and labours, and we far sooner would see, as we doubt not that, were he living, he would too—we far sooner would see honour conferred on him in his works than have thirty thousand pounds' worth of bronze, an eyesore, blocking our streets.

We have said that in the second century after Shakspeare's birth the world at length began to acknowledge the beauty, the merit, and the grandeur of his works; and as we are again to have at Strat-

ford-on-Avon, "his birthplace, his home, and his grave," a somewhat similar celebration to that of the Jubilee, it is interesting to revert to that commemoration.

Perhaps one of the most amusing circumstances in connection with Garrick's Jubilee, was the superstition, as well as the greediness for gain, the *auri sacra fames* of the people of the town. We are reminded of the story of the old woman selling eggs to George III., who asking a high price for them, the king inquired if eggs were scarce, "No, your Majesty, but kings are." So the Stratford people in Garrick's time thought that these Shakspeare commemorations were scarce, and accordingly took advantage of the occasion for all manner of extortions. Their superstition and dread of dealing with his satanic majesty also occasioned some merriment. They thought that Garrick was the black gentleman himself, and the dark, swarthy-looking men that were engaged in preparing the fireworks, they believed to be the attendants of his majesty from the lower regions; and when the heavy rains began which so greatly marred the pleasure of the jubiles, they puritanically considered it as a sure sign of Heaven's displeasure.

Each of the three successive days began with a public breakfast, at which Garrick acted as master of the ceremonies, after which, on the first day, there was the oratorio of *Judith*, conducted by Dr. Arne in Stratford church. The second day a grand pageant was intended to be a principal feature, but the weather did not permit of it. However, this was afterwards produced by Garrick at Drury Lane, who having thrown it into a dramatic form, with songs, &c., it was performed to crowded houses for ninety-two nights. The ode was "next on the programme," as some are wont to observe, and in which Garrick's admirers say he equally distinguished himself as a poet, an actor, and a gentleman. After the ode was over, King, a comedian of some distinction, made a burlesque speech in the character of a Macaroni, seemingly in Shakspeare's disfavour. Amongst other things, he said that Shakspeare was a low author, only capable of exciting those vulgar emotions of laughing and crying. In the same spirit Stephen Kemble once said, when he was proposing the memory of Shakspeare, "Gentlemen, some of our puritanical writers have applied to the immortal Bard the epithet of THIEF—and they are right: he was a thief! the greatest thief that ever lived; for he stole the sign-manual from nature, and applied it to mankind for the benefit of posterity."

The masquerade was also included in the events of this day. Amongst others there was Boswell, then known as the friend of Paoli, who was habited in a Corsican dress, with the words "Paoli and Liberty" on his cap. One of Boswell's first works was an account of Corsica, in which he gained the favour of the English for Paoli. In this incident of Boswell's life, in the trifling circumstance of wearing a cap with the words "Paoli and Liberty," one of the great traits of this shallow-brained Scotch advocate, is strikingly exemplified—his inclination to admire and idolize some person, who always, to say the truth, was more or less deserving of it. In this instance it was Paoli, and afterwards Samuel Johnson, in whose biography he has immortalized himself and this trait of his character.

At the masquerade gates the actor appeared as a waggoner, charming many by his genial humour, while his wife assumed the character of a *petit maître*. There was a Lord Ogleby from Colman and Garrick's play of the *Clandestine Marriage*, a Dame Quickly, three witches, and, as usual, many without any character at all—that is, in the costumes of various nations, in dominos, or as shepherdesses, gypsies, &c. Garrick's wife, Eve Maria, who, as Madlle. Villetti was originally an opera dancer, is not mentioned by contemporaries in connection with the masquerade; but in the ball next night, in her original capacity of a fascinating *danseuse*, she danced a minuet.

The number of pieces of the mulberry-tree that came to light during the Jubilee was really marvellous; in fact, if they were all put together, they would make at least twice the size of the largest tree of the kind that ever was known. Victor, the stage historian, tells how it was cut down by a gentleman who had bought the house and the ground on which the tree stood. He, "not having the fear of his neighbours before his eyes, or the love of Shakspeare in his heart, one unlucky night most sacrilegiously cut it down. The alarm of this horrid deed soon spread through the town—not the going out of the Vestal fire at old Rome, or the stealing away of the Palladium from old Troy, could more have astonished Romans and Trojans than the horrid deed, the men, women, and children of old Stratford." Such was the indignation of the people, that the gentleman never ventured to come near the town again. The tree was bought by a carpenter,

who made various relics of it, cutting it into ink-horns, boxes, tobacco-stoppers, &c., while the Corporation of the town secured a good part of it. At the Jubilee they presented Garrick with a medallion of Shakspeare carved in a piece of it and richly-mounted in gold, which he wore round his neck during the celebration. They, too, presented him the freedom of the town in a box made out of the same tree, and he also sang of the mulberry tree with a cup made from it in his hand.

It is amusing how that delightful writer Washington Irving describes his faith in these relics, at least when it is pleasant and costs nothing. In telling us of his visit to Stratford, he informs us that a garulous old lady showed him Shakspeare's tobacco-box, the sword with which he played Hamlet (a character, which by the bye, tradition tells us he never assumed), his chair, and various pieces of the mulberry-tree—all of which Washington Irving believed to be genuine; and even when the old lady told him that she was a descendant of the poet, he believed that too, until, as he tells us, unluckily for his faith, she put a play of her own composition into his hands which set all belief of her consanguinity at defiance.

This Jubilee has been a precedent for the Shakspeare Tercentenary, and we doubt not that it has been of use as a warning against certain errors. We trust so. And let provision be made against the ills that such occasions are heir to. Let provision be made against wet weather; let accommodation be provided in the town; and let not future commemorations be described as the Jubilee was, as a public invitation, urged by puffing, to celebrate a poet by dinners without victuals and lodgings without beds, a masquerade where half the people appear bare-faced, or a ginger-bread amphitheatre which, like a house of cards, tumbles to pieces as soon as it is finished. No, let Shakspeare commemorations be such as will exalt our nation in the minds of other nations, and such that shall show our children's children how the nineteenth century was able to appreciate and to honour our greatest poet—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

### THE DRAMA—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

AMONG the many analogies which we trace between the several imitative, or fine arts, the most interesting, perhaps, is to be found in the identity of their origin. Though it cannot be said that they were, any of them, actually invented, in the sense in which we apply the term invention to scientific discoveries, because their cultivation up to the highest perfection has been merely the development of a germ implanted in our nature from the first, still we find that their earliest manifestations were suggested by the universal sentiment of religion, and employed in the worship of deities of some sort. The first specimens of architecture were temples. The first statues were rudely-formed idols, gradually elaborated into those creations of beauty which the æsthetic Athenians welcomed from the chisels of their great sculptors, and which have been, ever since, imitated only at a distance. The first paintings were representations of religious ceremonies, analogous to the altar-pieces of more recent times. The earliest musical compositions, properly so called, were hymns, in which the poetry of words—according to its original intention—was wedded to vocal and instrumental music; and, what might be considered still less probable, the first dramatic exhibitions, among the ancients as in mediæval Europe, were religious festivals, from two opposite aspects of which flowed the distinct, but kindred, streams of legitimate tragedy and comedy. The object of those festivals, among the old Athenians, was the worship of Bacchus, or Dionysus as they called him. To that deity the most acceptable sacrifice was supposed to be a goat, from the mischievous propensities of that animal in the vineyard; and during the ceremony of that offering was performed a hymn of a solemn and devotional character, followed, in the progress of the celebration, by another of a different and opposite tendency. The first, being sung while the worshippers were sober and serious, and clothed in the skins stripped from the slain victims, was called "the tragedy," which means literally "the song of the goat;" while the other, being the expression of different emotions, when the performers were under the influence of artificial excitement, was called, first, by a name which signifies literally "the song of the wine-press," with which they painted their own and each other's faces, and subsequently, by another, "comedy," which may be translated as "the song of the village," and is very nearly synonymous with the French term "*vaudeville*." Into those songs was gradually introduced a dramatic element; the representation, in the former instance, being that

of some legend of mythology, and, in the latter, of some burlesque dialogue relating to the passing events of the day, or the personal history of some of the performers. Eventually, the dramatic predominated so far over the lyric element, that the latter, under the name of "the chorus," became only a sort of interlude dividing the former into five acts, which arrangement has been retained, since then and down to the present day, in all dramatic composition, though the chorus itself has long ago disappeared. This chorus, literally "the dance," consisting, under the more mature development of the drama, of fifteen persons in tragedy, and twenty-four in comedy, came forward between the acts, dancing round an altar, and singing either some patriotic or descriptive poem, or suggesting such reflections on the incidents of the play or the fortunes and merits of the *dramatis personæ* as might be supposed to occur to an intelligent spectator. Such an element would, of course, be totally inconsistent with the style of modern plays and the construction of modern theatres. It was discontinued by the Romans, and has successfully resisted several attempts to introduce it into some classical dramas of the last and the present centuries. The first professional dramatist among the Athenians was Thespis, who flourished—as the chronologists express it—some six hundred years before the Christian era, and whose theatre was a van, which conveyed that primitive manager and his company from one to another of the villages of Attica, and out of which eventually grew those colossal and gorgeous theatres in which the Athenians, under more strictly artistic conditions, witnessed the dramas of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, and others; and the Romans, who had no national drama of their own, beheld those adaptations and translations of Greek plays, to which our present appropriations of French models present a somewhat curious analogy. Another remarkable coincidence is, that in England, as well as in Attica, the first theatres were vans, which, when they halted for a periodical performance, took up their station in the courtyard of some celebrated hostelry—as, for instance, the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, or, La Belle Sauvage on Ludgate-hill—where the open side of the vehicle formed a stage; the surrounding area constituted the pit, and the balconies, furnished with chairs for the *élite* of the spectators, represented the dress circle. It would seem, indeed, that the accidental accommodation afforded by such localities suggested the shape of our modern theatres, which are so widely different, except in the mere ground-plan, from the ancient, that we naturally experience some difficulty in picturing to ourselves the aspect and associations of a dramatic performance in those ancient days. The Greek and Roman theatres, nearly semicircular in area, contained no tiers of boxes, no galleries, and accommodated their immense throngs of spectators on seats radiating from a point in front of the stage and sloping up to the side walls, on the plan of some of our modern lecture-rooms—the lower seats being reserved for the more aristocratic portion of the audience. As no roof of such a space could be constructed in those ages, and as the ancients were more accustomed than we are to an *al-fresco* life, their theatres and amphitheatres were protected only by an awning from rain or sunshine; for the performances took place by daylight, and the spectators returned in the evening to an early dinner.

In addition to these differences, and to the fact that, in Athens and Rome, the theatres were open, not all through "the season," but only during some special festivals, there are others which render it most difficult for us to realize to ourselves any very accurate conception of the artistic effect of the ancient drama. Of these the most noticeable was the result of the more extended space, which involved the necessity of mechanical contrivances for increasing, not only the apparent stature of the performers, but the power of their voices. It may, of course, be readily supposed that the additional size of person, derived from high-soled boots and padding, would interfere with the natural ease and graceful symmetry which might be looked for in an accomplished actor, and that a mask, containing a reverberating apparatus for increasing the volume of the voice, must produce more or less deformity, and be a fatal impediment to that play of the features which is, in our time, so indispensable to good acting: but we must remember that the great distance which separated the greater portion of the audience from the stage, while it was the fact which rendered those contrivances necessary, was also that which obviated the disadvantages which a nearer view would disclose. But, after all, though we may be unable fully to enter into the gratification—whatever it may have been—which the *mise-en-scène* and other accessories of their deep tragedies and broad comedies afforded to the critics and *faneurs* of the

capitals of the old world, we can, at least in one important particular, most congenially sympathize with them. Reading the sublime and impassioned scenes of *Sophocles*, and the philosophic dialogues of *Euripides*, in which all human feelings and emotions are anatomized; or, smiling over the vices and follies, and perplexities and oddities, which animate the "genteel comedy" of *Diphilus* and *Menander*, we can recognize the truth, that notwithstanding all the modifying influences of place and time, human nature was in their day the same that it is in ours, in its ambitions and aspirations, its rivalries and jealousies, its crimes and errors, its joys and sorrows, its laughter and its tears.

### THE MONTH.

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage, blow!"—KING LEAR.

IN some respects March is one of the best-abused months of the whole year, and few have a good word to say for it. If, according to the old adage, it "comes in like a lion," folks find fault with its searching and unwholesome winds; should it, on the contrary, commence its career "like a lamb," it is voted unseasonable, and accused of reserving its fury for a period when more spring-like influences ought to prevail. March is violent in temper most certainly—he scolds with tremendous fury, and blusters with terrific rage; yet, notwithstanding this manifestation of wrath and passion, does he not sometimes smile in the next minute, and bid us forgive him for his hastiness? After all, he is better than sulky November, whose dull, unrelenting disposition we never attempt to propitiate.

We know, that if March is occasionally disagreeable, and frets and fumes to day, to-morrow will find him full of cheerfulness and joy. Nothing can be sweeter than the influences of this month when Boreas is still. There is, at this time, a perceptible awakening of Nature. Before, she has merely rubbed her eyes, "turned her sides and her shoulders and her heavy head;" now, however, she gets up in right earnest, takes her wand, and goes forth to call beauty into being. She bids the lark send up his hymn of praise, and tells the birds their jubilee is come. Flowers spring up at her approach, and buds and blossoms rise to do her bidding. Without her orders, seeds remain motionless in the ground; she gives the word, and up they come with eager willingness. All things above, below, around, have received their summons, and are hastening to the feast. The lovely violets, sweeter, as Shakespeare says, "than the lids of Juno's eyes," peep out with maiden shyness to behold the world, filling the air with perfume so delightful that one almost fancies it to be a spiritual form of music—a kind of silent melody peculiar alone to flowers. What a perfect picture of modesty does the violet present! Unconscious of beauty, it lies well-nigh hidden behind its mossy veil and brown leaf-curtains, and only by dint of hard search can we discover its whereabouts.

"She lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the younger sky of the self-same hue:  
And when the Spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours—  
Oh! 'mid the roses ne'er forget  
The beautiful virgin violet."

In the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon violets are reared on a wholesale scale for the purposes of the chemist, from which fact we may suppose that this locality is peculiarly favorable to their growth. Perhaps it has always been so; at all events, Shakespeare appears to have had a special fondness for the violet, and makes more mention of it than of any other flower. How sweet is the simile expressed in the following lines—

"That strain again—it had a dying fall.  
Oh! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet South,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odours."

Closely associated with the violet is the primrose, which now dots the ground in such bountiful profusion. Although the latter days of February often bring us scattered specimens of this lovely flower, it is only in March and the following month that we behold it in its full, ubiquitous beauty. In sunny meadows, in shady lanes, on roadside hedges, and on rivers' banks—everywhere, in fact, throughout our "merrie England" does it bloom and flourish. Clare displays his fondness for it in the following lines—

"Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between,  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew  
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through.  
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green.  
How much thy presence beautifies the ground;  
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride  
Gleams on the sunny banks and wood's warm side,  
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found!"

But although these two flowers are at this season the sweetest in Flora's lap, they are not all. There are the crocuses, yellow and blue, the celandine, the wood anemone—only inferior to the primrose from its lack of perfume—the daffodil, the periwinkle, and the *Arum maculatum*—known to children as "lords and ladies." The root of the latter, when dried, produces flour fit for human food. In Portland, where the plant grows abundantly, its edible qualities are well known. At Weymouth, also, considerable use is made of it, and individuals in that town transmit the powder to London chemists, to whom it is sold under the name of "Portland sago." In times of famine, before now, this product has afforded an excellent substitute for wheat flour, and been eaten by the poor in many parts of England.

There seems an intimate connection in our minds between birds and flowers; and as the latter begin to unfold their beauties, the former gladden our hearts with music. The orchestra is filling fast. Now and then we hear a performer tuning up, as if to test his instrument. The blackbird may be termed the leader of the band, and his directions are given in notes of sweet, delicious melody, though all do not obey him, and he calls in vain for his *prima donna*, the nightingale. All in good time, however, heralded by the cuckoo, she will appear, and be ready with her solos by-and-by.

In this month the migratory birds begin to flock back to their former haunts. The willow-wren appears, and the martin and swallow dart about in seeming joy at revisiting their old habitations. This travelling propensity on the part of the feathered creation is truly wonderful, and perplexes the keenest observers of nature. Even old Gilbert White, who could account for most things of this kind, found himself unable to explain the mystery, and expresses doubts as to whether birds which are generally reputed to migrate do not sometimes remain during the winter in a state of torpidity in this country. He speaks of having himself seen on one occasion swallows flying about in the unseasonable month of November, "from which incident," he remarks, "and from other accounts which I meet with, I am more and more induced to believe that many of the swallow kind do not depart from this island, but lay themselves up in holes and caverns, and do insect-like and bat-like come forth at mild times, and then retire again to their *latabræ*."

There are many birds, however, which undoubtedly do wing their flight to foreign lands; but with what wonderful powers of instinct must they be endowed to perceive the necessity of travelling so many miles for warmth and shelter during winter! That little creature, the golden-crested wren, which only flits from tree to tree on ordinary occasions, ventures at a particular time of the year to cross the stormy sea dividing the Orkneys from the Shetland Isles—a distance of fifty miles—with no possible chance of rest! Reason and instinct are often asserted in argument to be different things, yet who shall say where one begins and the other ends? What, for instance, can be more marvellous than that a bird should know almost to a day when to take its departure for a warmer and far-distant clime? It evidently possesses powers of perception which we, who pretend to a higher scale of intelligence, can neither imitate nor understand. Probably some atmospheric change, unfelt by us, operates on its more sensitive nature, and leads it on till it finds itself in a situation congenial to its wants, and where food and shelter can be easily obtained. But whatever theory be advanced, the fact remains inexplicable, and is one of the most wonderful characteristics of natural history.

The month of March is not without its peculiar customs. Easter, of course, happens more frequently in it than in April, and various are the observances connected with this important festival. Almost every county, in fact, is distinguished by some particular practice. In Lancashire the lower orders still distribute the "paco" or "pascho eye," which was regarded by the early Christians with considerable reverence, and young people in this locality continue to procure hard-boiled eggs, which after throwing and rolling about the floor, they eat.

The curious custom of "lifting" obtains in Staffordshire and some of the adjoining counties. On Easter Monday the male sex "lift" the ladies, and on the following day the latter return the compliment. A sober clergyman who happened to be visiting a town in Lancashire on an occasion of this kind, and was stationed at an inn, was astonished by three or four strong women rushing into his room, exclaiming they had come to "lift him." "To lift me!" inquired the amazed divine, "what can you mean?" "Why, your reverence, we're come to lift you 'cause 'tis Easter Tuesday." "Lift me because it is Easter Tuesday! I don't know what you mean: is there any such custom here?" "Yes, to be sure: why, don't you know?"

all us women was lifted yesterday, and us lifts the men to-day in turn. And in course 'tis our duties and rights to lift em." After a little further parley, the reverend traveller compromised with his fair visitors for half-a-crown, and thus escaped the dreaded compliment.

In other parts of England men are supposed to have the privilege on Easter Monday of taking off ladies' shoes, and on the following day they submit to the same process from the hands of the opposite sex. In bygone times it was the practice of ecclesiastics at Easter-tide to play at ball with their lay brethren in churches for "tansey cakes," and probably the present custom of taking round Easter cakes to people's doors on the part of parish clerks grew out of some such origin as this. A more substantial distribution of cakes is recorded by Hasted, the historian of Kent. In Biddenden there is an old endowment, of uncertain date, for giving away cakes among the poor on Easter Sunday in the afternoon. The source of this present consists in about twenty acres of land called the "bread-and-cheese lands." In Mr. Hasted's time 600 cakes were thus disposed of, being given to persons who attended service; while 270 loaves, with a pound and a half of cheese, were given to the parishioners generally.

We conclude our monthly notice by appending a few seasonable proverbs:—

"A bushel of March dust is worth a King's ransom."  
 "A dry cold March never begs bread."  
 "A wet March makes a sad Autumn."  
 "March flowers make no summer bowers."

## Musical Notes and Notices.

The *Polish National Song*, transcribed for the Pianoforte by Arthur O'Leary (Ewer & Co.), is one of a set of three similar arrangements of national airs, the others being *The Polish National Anthem*, and *The Greek National Song*. We suppose that there is no country in Europe but our own where these pieces could have appeared without some interference of somebody or other. The significance which foreigners attach to national music disappears entirely in London. In the neighbourhood of Leicester Square any national Hymn may be whistled without any chance of the interference of Sir Richard Mayne. Whether it be characteristic of the solidity of the English character or not, we know not; but certainly, in politics, Englishmen look for much more substantial proof of party feeling than a few bars of music. But, at the same time, Englishmen may proudly point to "God save the Queen," and to "Rule Britannia," as good specimens of national music, which are seldom equalled, and never surpassed by any music of the class. The national music of other countries is always listened to by us from curiosity more than from admiration of its musical worth. The three pieces which Mr. O'Leary has edited form no exception to this remark. The themes are all poor, meagre, and trumpery, and would not have been worth Mr. O'Leary's careful and clever arrangement, or any one's attention, had they not been interesting as specimens of that class of music which is supposed to excite armies, to break or make peace, and to engender loyalty in masses of people. The Polish songs are better than the Greek. This last-mentioned is utterly unworthy of a nation whose historic recollections are the embodiment of high art.

We turn with pleasure to a brilliant specimen of pianoforte music by a deservedly popular pianoforte composer—*March des Amazones*, pour le Piano, par J. Ascher (Metzler & Co.). This march, in the key of E flat, is written in M. Ascher's own unmistakable style. Full, rich, and sparkling throughout, it is sure to command popular favour. Being slightly difficult will be no disadvantage, but, on the contrary, will add to its merits in the eyes of the gifted amateurs of the present day. M. Ascher has a certain breadth in all his compositions which inferior musicians, and, in fact, inferior pianists, can never attain. This march is evidently the composition of a pianist and musician of no ordinary stamp. We only wish there were more of the same kind. Good music of this class is extremely rare, and therefore it is we commend with pleasure this composition to the attention of our readers.

There seems to be no cessation in the continual shower of transcriptions of popular airs for the pianoforte. They come and go, as the months pass by. Old airs reappear with new faces: new airs appear with faces very like old and familiar ones. Amateurs and learners certainly cannot complain of having nothing new to practice. The ladies' complaint of 'nothing to wear' will have no just accomplishment in music. What becomes of all the pianoforte music written and published, is

beyond our conception. Who plays it? who listens to it? who sings half the songs and ballads that are daily, nay hourly, thrust with lavish hands upon the public by the publishers? We cannot tell; we suppose that all the music published does find a hearing, however small, somewhere and somehow. What has become of all the music published the year before last, and last year? Pushed out of the way to make room for the music of the present day, that is passing by in its turn like the scene of a panorama, and will have to make room soon for something else. There is not a moving, shifting, scene to be found anywhere in London equal to the music published. One piece in a thousand lingers behind for a short time, one only in about ten thousand remains as a permanent addition to the stock of English music. We do not complain. If composers and publishers and the public are pleased, we do not complain. Things are sure to find their own level. Compositions worthy of being handed down to posterity are sure of penetrating the chaotic mass, and coming to the surface. All this digression is occasioned by the style and quantity of music before us. Our business is not so much to 'forecast' the weather of public opinion which any particular composition will have to encounter, as to offer a continuous criticism upon the shifting scenes of the panorama as they pass before us.

Scotch airs have been transcribed, arranged, variationized, and published, under every conceivable form and shape. We have before us a contribution to these, which, if not original in design, is well worked out and successfully managed. *Charlie is my darling*, transcribed for the pianoforte by A. Schlosser (Metzler & Co.), is decidedly above the average of similar arrangements. Our readers will find some difficulties in it to overcome, which are worth overcoming. Whether played as a study or as a piece, it will afford gratification to both performer and listener. The variations are evidently designed by an experienced hand, who fully understands the requirements of his instrument as well as of performers.

*Slumber, mine own*, Aria from Virginia Gabriel's Cantata, "Dreamland," transcribed for the Pianoforte by W. Kuhe (Metzler & Co.). M. Kuhe has succeeded in obtaining in Virginia Gabriel's beautiful melody very good material for his purpose. The air flows spontaneously and freely, without any extraordinary efforts at effect, and without descending to common-place. M. Kuhe has done his share of the work worthily of his subject. He makes the pianoforte almost sing the air, by his happy combination of accompaniment. The result of the whole is a very charming pianoforte piece, only seven pages in length, and in the same easy key throughout.

Everything connected with the wonderful acting of Miss Bateman at the Adelphi Theatre will participate in the halo of popularity which so deservedly surrounds that talented lady. *It is the hour, Leah's Song*, composed by A. Greville (Metzler & Co.) though not ambitious and entirely without dramatic effect, is a quiet, expressive song, in which the poetry of the music and words is unfettered by extraneous ornament. A very good portrait of Miss Bateman forms an appropriate illustration.

*Thine!* is the title of a song by Henry Smart, the words written by Fred. Enoch (Metzler & Co.). The author of the words leaves us in doubt to what its title refers. For instance, to what does 'Thine' refer to at the close of the first verse,

"O'er the desert places  
 Flowers did sweetly shine,  
 With a thousand graces,  
 Telling me of thine."

Thy places? thy flowers? thy graces? Which does the poet mean? The same remarks apply to all the other verses. Mr. Smart's share of the work is more ably performed. The first two bars bear an unfortunate resemblance to the first two bars of one of Mendelssohn's most famous songs, Op. 57, No. 3. It is easy to see throughout that Mendelssohn's songs have very much influenced Mr. Smart, both in his melodies and accompaniments. We do not say this in censure. Every composer must write upon some model; and it is better to set up a good model like Mendelssohn, who took as much pains with single songs as he did with great works, than to be eternally perpetuating the namby-pamby ballad school, with an accompaniment of two chords or three at the most. Mr. Smart's song, as a piece of vocal writing, leaves nothing to be desired; it is the work of a master in the craft. We hope it will meet with more than the ephemeral success which most songs meet with, for we feel sure its intrinsic merits deserve success.

Turning from Mr. Smart's music on the German model, we have before us two songs by a gentleman who always writes in the best and purest English style. *Our Song shall be of home*, words by J. E. Carpenter, and *Children*, words by Longfellow, composed by J. L. Hatton (Metzler

& Co.). These songs are thoroughly English and vigorous. We prefer the former, but both are very pleasing, and will maintain Mr. Hatton's well-earned reputation for a ballad-writer. With great taste Mr. Hatton introduces a phrase from "Home, sweet home" for an interlude. The connection of thought suggested by this artifice, so appropriate to the words of Mr. Carpenter, is exceedingly happy.

In addition to the above we have received several songs by Mr. James Robinson, and other publications which shall receive early attention.

## CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

That time of the year has now come round when the chronicler of passing events finds himself able to notice and listen to but a few of the many entertainments given in London, either wholly or partly musical. We are compelled, from many considerations, to select only those concerts for notice which recommend themselves from some novelty performed, or from the unusual merit of the performance. In our last number, we were not able to do more than notice the opening of the season of the Musical Society, as their first concert took place so late in the month, reserving to this number a fuller notice of the programme. That the selection was good, and worthy of the great pretensions of the society, will be seen at one glance. The wonderful production of Spohr, *The Power of Sound*, was the symphony selected; some critics have been disposed to find fault with the management for having repeated this work more than once, leaving other symphonies untouched. We do not feel inclined to agree with such an opinion. Spohr's master-piece, like all really great works, requires familiarity for due appreciation. The opportunities for hearing it are, alas! very few and far between. For some reason or other, the older societies are shy of it, and the Musical Society has certainly the credit for doing its best to familiarize musicians with one of the largest and grandest works ever produced. The performance was unexceptionable. The fine band was entirely under the control of its able conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Miss Agnes Zimmerman played Mozart's Concerto in D minor. This lady proved herself a good pianist and accomplished musician. Evidently a little nervous at the opening, she subsequently warmed up to the work, and at the end received the well-earned and hearty plaudits of the audience. Gounod's overture to *Le Médecin malgré lui* was the only novelty on the occasion. As this was placed at the end of a classical programme, and is the overture to M. Gounod's only comic opera, it hardly stood a fair chance. It has since been heard to greater advantage at the Crystal Palace. Beethoven's fine overture to *Coriolanus* was magnificently rendered by the orchestra.

The Sacred Harmonic Society very wisely gave the performances of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, viz., on January 29, and February 8. Even Exeter Hall, huge as it is, could not contain at once all the musical Londoners desirous of this great treat. By many of Mendelssohn's admirers the *Lobgesang* is considered his finest work. It is certainly quite unique in character. It is the only work, that we know of, which includes pure orchestral writing, dramatic solos, and broad choral composition. Instrumentalists and vocalists, whether soloists or not, can all feast upon it, to their soul's delight. The delicate orchestration of the opening symphony calls forth all the powers of the performers: every instrument has an important part, which dare not be trusted to an inferior executant, especially the wind parts. On both occasions Mr. Sims Reeves sang the trying and difficult solo "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" with consummate taste and skill. The other soloists were Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Laura Baxter, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley. On both occasions the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini formed the second part. Perhaps no work could have been better chosen for such a purpose. Being quite of a different character and tone, it seemed to appeal to a different train of ideas, and thus, forming a marked contrast, neither work suffered from the juxtaposition of the other. Mr. Montem Smith took the principal tenor part in the *Stabat Mater*; and although his voice is hardly strong enough for the "Cujus Animam," acquitted himself with very great credit in the concerted pieces. We cannot refrain from mentioning the artistic rendering by Mr. Santley, of the *Pro Peccatis*. We venture to think that no singer has ever excelled, if, indeed, equalled, such a pure and artistic interpretation. This fine barytone seems to us to stand out peculiarly, at the present day, as a protest against all the bad taste and unartistic singing which the possessors of good voices think it necessary to adopt. The Monday Popular Concerts

have had two natal commemorations, on the 1st and 8th of last month. The birthdays of Mozart and Mendelssohn were the excuse for limiting the programmes on these evenings to these composers. The principal features of the Mozart night were—the clarinet quintet, in which Mr. Lazarus produced such beautiful tones from the instrument as no other performer can; the popular pianoforte quartet in G minor, pianoforte sonata in B flat, and pianoforte and violin sonata in A. It is only necessary to say that Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and in the last piece M. Vieuxtemps the violinist, to show that these standard works met with full justice on this occasion. On the Mendelssohn night, the quartet in E flat, the quintet in B flat, the subjects of which are worthy of a symphony, and the trio in C minor were the compositions selected. Mr. Charles Hallé played the caprice, Op. 83, and afterwards one of the songs without words, in his own inimitable style. We wish the quintet were more often performed, it is certainly one of the finest compositions of the kind. Both of these concerts were listened to with great attention by large and sympathetic audiences; and the two commemorations proved to be of the most successful of the series. At the Crystal Palace, Herr Manns has resumed his Saturday Concerts, in a manner and spirit that make us more and more regret that the Crystal Palace, or at any rate Herr Manns and his band, are not in the middle of Hyde Park or in the middle of London. There are, after all, very few persons who can command the leisure to go to Sydenham every Saturday, and really, somehow or other, the programme every week is attractive. When we mention, that of symphonies, Mendelssohn's Scotch, Haydn's in E flat, and one by M. Silas, and, amongst many other things, a selection from M. Gounod's opera *La Reine de Saba*, have appeared in the programmes during the last month, we know that our readers will agree with us. We are very glad to hear that the proprietors have spontaneously shown their appreciation of their talented conductor in a substantial manner. Mr. Henry Leslie's concert, on the 4th, was probably one of the best ever given by his choir. There is no other body of singers that could have sung S. Wesley's *In exitu Israel* with such precision and firmness. It was a most difficult test for the choir, and right well they came up to the mark. Mendelssohn's cantata for male voices, *To the Sons of Art*, was given, with the accompaniments (as originally arranged by the composer) of brass instruments. This was a novelty in London, and requires to be heard again (if possible, with a larger body of voices) to be justly appreciated. A selection of madrigals and part songs, admirably sung, made up a very good programme. Mr. Martin gave the *Elijah*, with a large force of band and chorus, on the 3rd. These monster performances seem to be as attractive as ever. But of all monster gatherings, the programmes of Mr. Howard Glover's concerts are the most ridiculous inventions of the day. We should have thought that by this time the musical public would have seen enough of them not to be taken in any longer. It must be apparent, at the most superficial glance, that no evening can be long enough for the performance of the whole programme. All the celebrated songs, duets, and trios, from all the popular oratorios, operas, and cantatas, are liberally distributed amongst all the well-known and half-known singers who happen to be in England. One of these absurdities was announced for January 30, and a second for Ash Wednesday. As we have already given the plan on which the programmes are constructed, nothing more need be said. A detailed report of Mr. Macfarren's new and successful opera must stand over till next month.

## Literary Notes and Notices.

THE attractive title of *Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne* is given by the Duke of Manchester to two volumes, which, at this unusually dull literary season, will be received with welcome, not only by the historical student, but by that large class of readers who delight in Court gossip and secret history. The original papers from which most of these volumes are compiled form part of the Duke of Manchester's family collection, at Kimbolton. A few are to be seen in the Record Office; there is an important series at Simancas, and the Empress of the French has in her private cabinet several of the most valuable and curious manuscripts, which it is supposed she has received from the Queen of Spain, and which have thrown considerable light on incidents hitherto little known in the life of Catherine of Aragon. Granada, it will be remembered, is the birthplace of the Empress Eugénie, and on this account, we are told, she has been

desirous to collect every relic of her unfortunate countrywoman, for whose memory she is said to cherish the most affectionate reverence. The editor tells us that he at first intended to give only a slight sketch of Catharine of Aragon, more to help in illustrating the domestic and social position of Elizabeth when young, than to make a separate history of her father's first wife, but the unexpected additions which he found in his researches to the generally received history of Catherine induced him to give further details than implied on the title-page. This unhappy Queen, as every one knows, died at Kimbolton, leaving some relics and many memories there, and naturally enough the editor has commenced the first volume with an account of her strange marriages with the royal brothers—Princes of England—Arthur and Henry; and as a specimen of the pleasant style of the writer, and a description of the place from whence these papers have emanated, we cannot do better than quote from the opening chapter—

"Kimbolton may be considered a secluded spot. Even after the corn counties have been opened up by train and telegraph and mail, the Castle is eight miles from a post town, nine miles from a railway line, no less than thirty miles from Peterborough, the city in which Catherine was buried, now the nearest station at which an express from London to York finds it worth while to stop. The Castle, with the hamlet at its gates, was built by the ancient race of the Mandevilles in a broad hollow, at the crossing of two great roads, under the grey shadow of Stonely Priory; a convent founded by the Bigrames, of whom, and of whose doings in the early time, a few stones, a mound of earth, a green road, a clump of trees, and the name of a field and spinney, alone remain. Kimbolton rose in the heart of a saintly district, near St. Neot's, St. Ives, and Swinstead Abbey, on the edge of the monastic regions of the fen. The soil is hard, the river sluggish, the underwood dense, the population thin. Ride across country, and you knock up your horse; walk through a ploughed field, and, in the joke of the country-side, you will carry your parish on your boots. New comers into such a place are rare. The son succeeds to his father's farm, rides after the pack which his father followed, sends his corn to be ground at the old mill, votes on the same side at the shire election, sits in the same pew at church in which his father and grandfather had always sat. A patriarchal order, so to speak, preserves men's minds from change and waste. In such a spot, among such a people, a poetical legend like that of Queen Catherine's ghost holds a very long lease of life. The poor have their own poetry. The tale of her arrival at Kimbolton Castle, of her secluded habits while living there, of the departure of her funeral cortege for Peterborough, has not yet faded from the peasant mind. Few of these hedgers and ploughmen have seen a theatre or read a play; they know nothing about Shakspeare or his drama; yet the spirit of that tender and solemn scene in 'Henry the Eighth,' may be said to lie upon their hearts in the wintry evenings when they whisper to each other how the unhappy lady glides in the dusk of twilight through the rooms of Kimbolton, pauses on the stairs, or kneels in the chapel, a beautiful and mournful figure, in flowing white, and wearing a regal crown. No light of science, no hiss of sarcasm, will disturb in their simple minds that foolish faith."

The links in the chain of circumstances which drew Catherine to Kimbolton are full of romantic interest.

In addition to these contributions the reader will find amusement and instruction in the pleasant pages devoted to the love affairs of Queen Elizabeth—her offers of marriage, her suitors, her friends, minions and favorites. There is also something about Bacon and Shakspeare, more about Lord Essex and Lady Rich—the strange story of Walter Montagu, priest, poet, and profligate—an incident or two about Cromwell's boyhood and obscure life at Huntingdon—many details of the civil war—of Cromwell's government and the Restoration—much which has hitherto been unexplained about the Court of St. Germain, the wars of William of Orange and the campaigns of Marlborough, and the town life of fine ladies and gentlemen during the reign of Queen Anne. It is high praise to add, that notwithstanding his range of subject the Duke of Manchester has succeeded where thousands have failed, namely, in collecting from historical documents a mass of new material, which he has arranged in such an able manner that it would be difficult to find a dry or uninteresting chapter throughout the work.

A new volume of poems from the pen of Dr. Mackay will be received with pleasure by many readers who can appreciate the vigorous style of practical poetry of which Dr. Mackay evidently aspires to be the exponent. We need scarcely say that this volume is not of the sickly sentimental school. Healthy thought, natural imagery, and an instinctive knowledge of human nature shine through the poetic inspiration of the best portion of its contents. It comes to us, however, at a very unfavorable time for poetic reflection; for on the eve of a parliamentary session, when the public mind is preoccupied rather by political than poetical events—when the sounds of

battle from both sides of the Atlantic ring in our ears, it is more likely than at other seasons to pass over with little consideration a volume of poems which contains no allusion to passing events, but professes only to contain *Sketches from the Antique and Sketches from Nature*. The first portion of the volume is the least meritorious, although the opening poem, "The Euminides," gives a fine reading of the vision of Thales. Astrea, Marsyas, and Porteus are the best compositions on classical subjects; but by a classical standard it would be unjust to the author to judge Dr. Mackay's book, for he has broken up no new ground; and with great relief we turn from the somewhat stilted phraseology and strained effort manifest in both style and treatment in the *Sketches from the Antique*, to the more natural and pleasing division, entitled *Sketches from Nature*. Here Dr. Mackay is quite at home, although we could have wished some of the verses under a sub-title of "Heart-sore in Babylon" had been omitted: they do not contain a grain of poetry, and certainly are not worth the rescue obtained for them from the *London Review*, where they originally appeared. Such lines, however, as the following redeem a multitude of unpoetical phrases, whose republication may, after all, be attributed to error of judgment in compilation.

"Were I far more bright  
Than the heavenly light,  
More pure than the snow  
Where the glaciers grow,  
And as undelled as a little child  
Dead and forgiven  
And gone to heaven,  
I should not gain  
The right to disdain,  
Or to stand apart  
From my brother's heart,  
Or turn my face  
From a sinner's place,  
Or breathe one word of hate or scorn  
To the meanest wretch that ever was born."

Here, too, is another poem, singularly touching and expressive; its subject nearly resembles that of the "Bridge of Sighs," and after a careful perusal it will be admitted to be no unworthy companion to that masterpiece of Hood's.

### "LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP."

"HALF-PAST three in the morning!  
And no one in the street  
But me, on the sheltering door-step  
Resting my weary feet;  
Watching the raindrops patter  
And dance where the puddles run,  
As bright in the flaring gas-light  
As dewdrops in the sun.  
"There's a light upon the pavement—  
It shines like a magic glass,  
And there are faces in it,  
That look at me, and pass.  
Faces—ah! I well remember'd  
In the happy Long-Ago  
When my garb was white as lilies,  
And my thoughts as pure as snow.  
"Faces! ah yes! I see them—  
One, two, and three—and four—  
That come on the gust of tempests,  
And go on the winds that bore.  
Changeful and evanescent  
They shine 'mid storm and rain,  
Till the terror of their beauty  
Lies deep upon my brain.  
"One of them frowns; I know him,—  
With his thin long snow-white hair,  
Cursing his wretched daughter  
That drove him to despair.  
And the other, with wakening pity  
In her large tear-streaming eyes,  
Seems as she yearned toward me,  
And whisper'd 'Paradise.'  
"They pass,—they melt in the ripples;  
And I shut mine eyes, that burn,  
To escape another vision  
That follows where'er I turn:—  
The face of a false deceiver  
That lives and lies; ah me!  
Though I see it in the pavement,  
Mocking my misery!  
"They are gone!—all three!—quite vanish'd!  
Let no one call them back!  
For I've had enough of phantoms,  
And my heart is on the rack!  
God help me in my sorrow;  
But there,—in the wet, cold stone,  
Smiling in heavenly beauty,  
I see my lost, mine own!  
"There on the glimmering pavement,  
With eyes as blue as morn,  
Floats by, the fair-hair'd darling  
Too soon from my bosom torn;  
She clasps her tiny fingers—  
She calls me sweet and mild,  
And says that my God forgives me,  
For the sake of my little child.  
"I will go to her grave to-morrow,  
And pray that I may die;  
And I hope that my God will take me  
Ere the days of my youth go by:  
For I am old in anguish,  
And long to be at rest,  
With my little babe beside me,  
And the daisies on my breast."

From the brief extracts we have been enabled to make, it will be obvious that there is much in these pages deserving the author's reputation, perhaps the best expression of

praise which can be accorded as a recommendation of its beauties.

Dr. Johnson once said of blank verse that it was only poetry to the eye; for unless there was a perceptible jingling of rhyme, the author of the *Lives of British Poets* failed to recognize poetic inspiration. Mr. Washington Moore, the author of a volume of *Poems* before us, gives us a book of rhymes, but does his best to prevent his verses appearing even poetry to the eye, for he adopts a somewhat novel plan of dispensing with the use of capital letters at the beginning of every line, reducing his compositions to an appearance of rhymed prose. Beyond this peculiarity, the book is only a prototype of hundreds of similar well-printed volumes, labelled "Poems," printed, we suppose, for their author's gratification, as we seldom hear of them beyond a limited private circle of personal friends.

The death of Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, the authoress of *Legends and Lyrics*, is an event which will be felt as a loss by a large number of poetical readers. Her poems, nearly all short pieces, showed generally an intensity of feeling not often found in feminine verse. Originally published in *Household Words*, and other periodicals, her first productions were no sooner gathered together into a volume than they were stamped by the unanimously favorable opinion of the critical journals. Miss Procter, who, as is well known, was the daughter of Mr. Bryan Walter Procter (Barry Cornwall), was still young, but the state of her health had for many years been such as to give serious apprehensions to her friends. In the obituary notice for the month we should also mention the name of Miss Lucy Aikin, who died at Hampstead in her eighty-first year. She was the daughter of the once well-known writer Dr. John Aikin, and was chiefly known by her *Life of Addison*, published in two volumes, some years ago.

## London Sights and Sounds.

THE fashionable world just now, is occupied with thoughts of royal levees and drawing-rooms, wherein everybody discovers an immense amount of discomfort, but, at the same time, so beautifully inconsistent is human nature, a great deal of gratification. More than ever might the Napoleonic insult now be applied to us. We are "a nation of shopkeepers," and a St. James's levee is, *par excellence*, a Madame-Elise-Truefit-Army-and-Navy-Clothier bazaar. We are not going to emulate Thackeray, and dilate on contemporary weaknesses in the same strain which he adopted in dealing with the flimsy foolery of sixty years ago, but we shall simply allude to the fact that in Paris the other day a ball came off where crinoline was ignored. Now, we cannot condescend to enlarge St. James's to pander to a mistaken taste, and the question is simply one of petticoats *versus* brick walls and male shins. Of course the petticoats will get a verdict. They always do, though it is a great shame, for which the fair sex ought to blush, even through the artificial obstructions fostered by Court festivals. When Nelson, in one instance, and Dundonald (then Cochrane) in another, wanted to evade the timid orders of their commanders, one said he couldn't see, and the other said he wouldn't. We might institute a comparison between now-a-days ladies and Nelson and Cochrane. But it would be either flattering or rude, so we shall leave our fair friends to draw their own deductions.

There seems to be a rapidly-growing desire for novelty in every department of art. The political spirit of progress prevails in all directions. It is a question whether this spirit is calculated to do us any good; whether, by aiming at excessive freshness, we do not rather impair our faculties for well-doing. Are not the social excrescences, which must be acknowledged, a result of this rapid growth? and is not English opera a result of the same action in art? There has recently been introduced, at Covent Garden, a new English Opera, the music of which is composed by a well-known, rather let us say an eminent, composer. Mr. Macfarren has written some works which will not easily disappear; but to what degree his new production will enhance his fame is matter for discussion. Whilst giving all praise to Mr. Harrison for the truly efficient and admirable manner in which he has placed *She Stoops to Conquer* upon the operatic stage, we have to take the primary objection that it is hardly fair to place English opera upon the boards almost contemporaneously with operas such as *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and the like. Even the least pretensions of English amateurs will see and appreciate the superior beauties of Italian when modulated by the human voice, and regret that the very practical and expressive language of the Anglo-Norman-Saxon race should be put to such an unequal trial. It is often said that the libretto is a very minor consideration in an opera; and where such a composer as Mr. Macfarren is engaged, it little matters what the words may be to which he lends inspiration. Consequently, without in any way condemning the new opera on account of the meagreness of ingenuity in the libretto, we feel

bound to say that we are pained to find Goldsmith subjected to such treatment as he has received at the hands of the librettist, and made stock-in-trade of by so unskilful a modeller. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Macfarren that they have triumphantly overcome this very considerable difficulty. Were it not for the music, and the very superior acting in the prime characters, we might easily imagine Hardcastle expressing the same sentiment which was heard, on the same boards, when the play was first introduced, as early as 1773, which was to the effect that follies not only travelled as inside passengers of the stage coach, but in the very basket. We, however, cannot concede to Mr. Weiss any great merit in his representation of the squire. We might be allowed, perhaps, to say, that we conceive the Squire, could he find a medium by which to see himself as others now see him, would be rather surprised at his modern appearance. Mr. Weiss, it is true, may labour under the uncomfortable infliction of an incompetent librettist, and this may be, as we have alleged, the prime cause why it is so difficult to convince yourself that Goldsmith is not only murdered by the modern scribe, but buried also. In support of this notion, we may remark on the grand omission of "Mrs. Hardcastle," and the very poor figure cut by "Tony Lumpkin," in the person of Mr. Corri. We do not deny the talent which Mr. Corri notoriously possesses, but we do not recognize him as Oliver Goldsmith's "Tony"—as the "Tony" imitable in *She Stoops to Conquer*. The resemblance is not more striking than would be the resemblance between the beautiful fat boy in *Pickwick*, and an ordinary country bumpkin. Mr. Harrison has succeeded better with "Young Marlow;" but, if he will permit us to make a suggestion, we do not think he should represent "Marlow" as below gentility par. But Mr. Harrison's acting has got so much in it that is admirable, that we do not doubt that a short practice will enable him to bring the veritable "Marlow" in undoubted identity before a London audience. As for Mr. Macfarren's part, he, with the actors, has laboured under a difficulty. That he has accomplished his task with surprising skill is nothing more than was to be expected from him; and it is in union with Mr. Harrison's managerial skill, which has won for the opera such unequivocal success. It has recently been contended that true opera ought to be the work of a poet. We naturally expect to hear a lyric here and there to charm the ear, and by an exquisite simplicity fix itself upon the memory. And a lyric of this nature, being set before a composer of Mr. Macfarren's acknowledged and undoubted capacity, would probably be robed in song which would win the suffrages of the people, and become, in popular music, what the tower scene in *Il Trovatore* now is. These lyrics we miss, not through any fault of Mr. Macfarren's, but because the very poor attempts at poetical rendering in the libretto gave him no worthy material. Nevertheless, as a whole, the opera is well worthy of a place beside the best musical compositions. Could it be put forward under a different title, we conceive that this would be advisable; Goldsmith's connection with the work being so remote and so unworthily brought into play. We cannot but heartily commend the spirit of Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne in handling so difficult a subject. That they have acquitted themselves so well as they have done is vastly to their credit. But we have not space for more criticism. We hold the opinion that Goldsmith's comedy is not exactly suited to operatic treatment; that if it were, the libretto-writer in this instance was not qualified for his work; but that, in spite of this, Mr. Macfarren has lent dignity to the effort, by descending for the purpose of elevating an impracticable libretto; and that the managers of Covent Garden have done a very courageous thing in bringing it under the cold eye of public criticism.

If English opera be degenerating, the society of dramatists has received a worthy addition in the person of Mr. Watts Phillips, who has produced a play entitled *Paul's Return*, which at least possesses a freshness about the manner of its execution, if we cannot grant it that unequivocal applause with which it has been overwhelmed by the public journals. The plot of the piece is founded upon the old notion that the world is frightfully enamoured of the golden calf, and does not care twopence for individuals whose penury is their own demerit. Mr. Phillips has hit a blot, in the general sense of the word. Old Goldworthy is a good character, and is made the most of by Mr. Vining, whilst the return of the penniless gold-digger is an effective stroke. The piece will probably have a very fair run, but no one can venture to place it amongst even the standard works of later years. What Mr. Phillips may do is another matter, and we confess that we shall anticipate something of a superior order from his pen.

Contemporaneously with the above, appears Mr. Troughton's new play of *Unlimited Confidence*, which turns upon the mysteries of projected matrimony. These mysteries gradually open on the mind of an infatuated lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Navy, who discovers in his adored the owner of an uncomfortable prefix in the shape of "Mrs." without any compensatory jointure, her only treasure being a charming male offspring. An aunt and a colonel are adroitly introduced, the latter of whom turns out to be the husband and father, the missing link in the chain of the lieutenant's miseries. The play, we can honestly say, is decidedly above the average of its class. It is spirited, and presents a combination of opposite characters which forms the soul of drama, as of novel-writing.

A new and rather imposing drama has had something

of a run at the Surrey, and it will be almost sufficient to say that it is in three acts and is entitled *Ashore and Afloat*. Mr. Shepherd has been driven to the assumption of very many characters during his career, and in few has he more cleverly assisted his very respectable powers by scenic effects. In its wild romance, this play has a smack of *Don Juan* about it, if we look only at the war experiences of the amorous Juan. There are many admirably-wrought scenes, but of the order adapted to a pit and gallery audience which one expects to meet at theatres such as the Surrey.

One of the striking and remarkable features in our town entertainments is the success which is met with by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. Parry, and Mr. and Mrs. George Case. Charles Matthews's *At Home* was about the best kind of drawing-room representation; and when he has been visited, we cannot conceive any relish remaining for his contemporaries. We allow to the ladies and gentlemen whom we have mentioned considerable ability and even dramatic talent; indeed, the question is whether they are not encroaching too much upon the legitimate drama. Mr. and Mrs. Case are more orthodox than Mr. and Mrs. Reed, by which we mean that they adhere more accurately to the original idea of drawing-room performances. The Polygraphic Hall should not be converted into a theatre. It is very clear that it commands a public of its own, and we see no reason for poaching on the preserves of the drama.

Whilst painters, such as Mr. William Hunt and Mr. Dyce are dropping off, we retain worthy Elishas in the land of true art. The British Institution, as at present seen, is one of the choicest sights of the metropolis; but whilst the collection, speaking generally, is admirable, there are one or two blots which ought never to have been tolerated. We are, nevertheless, too well pleased to complain. We enjoyed intensely our study of *Ianthe*, spirit-watched—of the *Pretty Chess-player*, into the beauty of which we enter most entirely, and wherein Mr. Alexander Johnston has shown taste which might almost be termed exquisite. Landscape and architectural painting have each first class representatives. For instance, *An Egyptian Temple at Sunrise* is a splendid picture. Talking of painters, it is said that Mr. Dyce died of something very like a broken heart. The Parliamentary Committee censured him for his delay in executing the frescoes of the House of Commons; and being highly sensitive, as well as ambitious, he felt deeply this imputation upon his spirit and ability. He was in his prime, being only one year over the half century.

Every one must approve the action taken by the Lord Chamberlain in the matter of theatrical management, but he is, it appears, to be called on to consider, in conjunction with the Home Office, a proposition of a singular nature, emanating from the working men of London. What they want is that our picture galleries, museum, and such-like places of entertainment and recreation, should be thrown open on Sunday. This is rather a bold proposal, and one which, it may be easily imagined, will meet with no effectual support, although it has a considerable show of reason about it. Gibbon used to think that the religious sentiment of the people is founded upon public worship. Would it not be as sensible to suppose that the taste of a people is very much formed by the enjoyments which they partake of in public places? For instance, if the British Institution were thrown open on Sunday, would not more benefit be derived by those who frequented it, than if they were to perambulate the parks, possessing as those parks do, a disreputable scum? But there is the innovation, and how it is to be got over, is matter for conjecture. We need scarcely say that it is none of our business to discuss the matter from the Exeter Hall point of view. We have simply to reflect, that whereas at present the working man is isolated in his ignorance, cut off from the chastening and refining influences of art, he would then have the benefit of an innocent education, which he cannot by any other means obtain.

We have often reflected on those apt lines which are attributed to, and we believe were really written by, Præd—

"If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans,  
'Twould ease the tinker's cares;  
If ladies did not carry fans,  
They'd give themselves no airs."

The fact that carrying a fan induces "airs" is admirably true to life. It is something of the same kind with the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee. Having a large fan to carry, which they are not accustomed to, their airs become numerous and ridiculous. A rather curious proposition has been made by a Mr. Hogarth, of this city, to the Stratford Committee, which is, that the town-hall in that borough should be converted into a repertory of portraits of Shakespeare, and eminent actors of his plays—(we wonder whether Phelps and Fechter will get a niche)—and of various editions of the poet's works in many languages. Everything appears to be in train at Stratford, but the London Committee have been recently busily engaged in getting out of the hot water into which they impetuously jumped at the very outset. That particular gentleman, Mr. Tom Taylor, is now on the Monumental Committee of Stratford, for what purpose, except to lend the repute of his name, nobody knows. There was a canard, also, in reference to this dramatist, that he had succeeded Messrs. Robson and Embden at the Olympic, which has now exploded. If these mountainous Shakespeare Committees don't produce a respectable monse, there will be his Satanic Majesty to pay and very little pitch hot. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion as to the conduct of the business of these Committees.

## Paris Sights and Sounds.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SINCE the publication of our last number, the most important event of the year, in the opinion of a certain class of people, has occurred in Paris, namely, the festival of the *Semaine grasse*, the conclusion of the Carnival, and the fête of the *Bœuf gras*. From Quinquagesima Sunday to Shrove Tuesday, both inclusive, the streets of Paris as usual resounded with music, and idle boys and girls, of every age, thronged the route of the fat oxen. The procession is generally of a purely mythological character, but this year a considerable change was made in its elements. There was the Olympian car with which we are so familiar, with "Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow"—at least with Mercury side by side with Pierrot and Mars, and Venus attended by the Graces and surrounded by the gifts of Flora in the form of roses, which in point of size rivalled the peony and in brilliancy almost surpassed the costumes of the "six beautiful young women" who personated the gay goddess and her maidens, with the seasonable difference that their charms were shielded at once from the vulgar eye, the rude breath of Boreas, and the downy favours which fell at intervals from the clouds in light flakes—the tribute, perhaps, of the gods—by elegant costumes all glorious above, and, let us hope, all warm and comfortable beneath, for even the goddess and the Graces must otherwise have suffered severely during their three days' ride. The oxen, changed every day, had also their car and usual rustic and mythological attendants, and presented a magnificent appearance in their housings of green velvet and gold, and gilded horns. The breeder of the animals, and the butcher who purchased them and to whose instrumentality is due this splendid procession, with their friends, rode, one on horseback dressed in an English riding suit with a modest strip of a crimson silk waistcoat peeping out beneath his cut-away, flower in button-hole and cigar in mouth, the others in an open carriage as heralds and directors of the whole cortege. So far the *Bœuf gras* of 1864 resembled closely all its predecessors, but the cavalcade was of a novel and rather motley description. There was a bride and bridegroom, six babies and six monthly nurses with tremendous machines of wire and gauze on their heads, all of whom were costumed in admirable taste of course, but who, strange to say, all strode their horses like the coarser sex, and were on the average six feet high, the babies being, perhaps, rather taller, and wore beards and moustaches that would not have disgraced the heavy dragoons. The troop of knights that attended this interesting family reminded one strongly of the zoological features of a pantomime, their heads being those of the lion, tiger, bear, monkey, parrot, cock, &c. It was curious to see the tiger, during the halt in the procession opposite the New Grand Hotel, cock not his hat, but his head on one side, and stick a lighted cigar in a human-looking mouth beneath, but the animal did not seem to find the thing at all disagreeable. The procession was accompanied by two powerful bands, one dressed à la mode *Chinoise* and the other à la mode something else which I confess I did not quite understand. Suffice it, however, to say that all were very brilliant and showy, that they made a prodigious fine noise, and that they, as well as the zoological knights, sat their gallant steeds exactly as if they had been brought up at Astley's or Franconi's. The procession was escorted by a squadron of the cavalry of the Garde de Paris, "in full dress," as the bills stated, a regiment which for solidity, horseflesh, and ability in the management of crowds has certainly few rivals.

Versailles seems determined, however, that the capital shall not carry away all the honours, and has had also her procession—in aid of the funds for the relief of the poor—and of which the programme is rather startling. The following are the most remarkable items in the document:—"Hell, drums and trumpets;—The drum-major of Hell;—Satan and his ministers;—Military music;—A mixture or salad (Macédoine) of Pierrots, Spaniards, and Turks;—Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Charles IX., a troop of cockcombs;—A band of nice young men who want wives (no ladies wanting husbands, strange to say);—The great Nostradamus and his better half;—The celebrated Abracadabra;—An Arab wedding by the Zouaves (bride by the oldest sergeant-bombadier);—Venus, the Graces, and Cupid;—Don Quixote, Dulcinea, and Sancho Panza;—Another salad-like mixture of Highlanders, Fire worshippers, and Watermen; with many more extraordinary personages and music unlimited. The quiet and rather dull old town must have been surprised out of itself, and must have been in as great a flutter as in the times when the Court of Louis le Grand flourished in all its golden and silken folly.

Paris does but little nowadays in out-of-doors masquerading; the sprinkle of costumes, masks, and false noses, presents but a poor notion of Carnival; but fancy dress and masked balls were the rage this season. The Tuileries did not indulge in the luxury; but the principal ministers, the Duc de Morny, and many other notables, gave splendid fêtes of the travesty order. It would be impossible to describe the magnificence of the costumes; they were all that silks, satins, velvets, jewellery, embroidery, and good taste could render them. The ministerial and diplomatic class generally adopted Venetian costumes, and some of these were of the most expensive and lavish character; but the ladies naturally carried

away the grand prizes: they seemed to have ravished Olympus, the regions of Phantasy, and the mines of Gondal; and it is to be hoped that they found themselves in the Happy Valley, or something analogous. The amount of ingenuity exhibited in the selection of eccentricities was surprising: one lady was a Lancer; another a Mousquetaire, in petticoats, all masculine and fierce above, and soft and feminine below; one personified Rome, having the salutation *Salve* embroidered in a hundred places; another illustrated the same historical period, but bore as her device the rather enigmatical phrase "*Cave canem!*"—Beware of the dog! A third was a fancy Post, overflowing with correspondence, and embroidered with postage stamps; while another represented a Lock, to which, we are sorry to say, we have no key. Such were a few of the salient points in the late Carnival, which, if it did no other good, caused a large amount of cash to circulate, and amused the young blood of Paris. Now we are in Lent, the reign of balls and grand fêtes is at an end for the time, and sobriety resumes her throne. The fashionable world no longer goes masked and caparisoned—that would be ill-bred in Lent; but receptions, *conversations*, drums, and *spirées*, with music and conversation *ad libitum*, and perhaps a little dancing, quite unpremeditated, keep the fashionable and other worlds from sinking into utter inanition.

The artistic season is now in full bloom; dealers and amateurs of pictures, porcelain, diamonds, and all kinds of art and *verbu* through the auction marts, many to pass their time, and some to get rid of their money. The *furor* of the season is old ornamental earthenware; we saw a brown coffee-pot with rather gaudy ornaments, that might have sold fifty years since for half-a-crown or so, knocked down for a hundred francs, and some specimens of Rouen and other ware have fetched fabulous prices.

The great sale of the moment, however, is that of the pictures, studies, sketches, and engravings of the late Eugène Delacroix, which has a truly artistic and interesting character. It commenced on the 17th instant, and will occupy eleven days, concluding, on the 1st of March, with the models, utensils, colours, brushes, and palates of the deceased, which will be disposed of in the studio where he laboured so long and so industriously. The catalogue contains no less than 858 lots, not including the material objects just referred to. Eugène Delacroix was a man of retired habits; a man of few relations or acquaintances, who worked incessantly, and has consequently, although dying at a comparatively early age, left an enormous quantity of paintings and sketches behind him. The collection left to his heirs, and now on sale, includes nearly all the designs and sketches for the great decorative works which he executed in the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Ville, and in several churches and other public buildings, amounting to fifty-two in number; nearly eighty original pictures, of which thirty are unfinished; and a hundred other works in oil of less importance, but including some of the very best specimens of his genius, in his studies from nature of men and animals in Europe, Asia, and Africa, some charming sketches of scenery, and one marine piece; there are also some remarkable copies by Delacroix after Raphael, Rubens, and other great masters. The second portion of the sale consists entirely of drawings, in water colours and other styles, and is said to include nearly six thousand works. Whatever may be the opinion relative to Delacroix's decorative and oil paintings, and the world of art is still far from unanimous on that head, there can be no question about his sketches and water colours, in those the true artist is seen everywhere, and France has certainly never produced a painter yet who in water colours comes so near our own Turner. The subjects and the style are far from being alike; but there is the same evidence of observation, the same bold originality, the same dash and effectiveness. The third portion of the sale consists entirely of his engraved works, including the stones on which his well-known series of Shakespeare studies were lithographed.

The sale creates an immense sensation; at the private view of the first portion the rooms were crammed: on the subsequent days they were doubly so, and the prices realized prove the real interest taken in the matter. Amongst the lots which have fetched the most remarkable prices, to the moment of our writing, are—a repetition of the sketch, in oil, for the famous ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon, in the Louvre, which fetched equal to £206. This picture is about four feet high; the first sketch for the same, differing materially from the former, and small in size fetched £40. The original sketch of one of his finest pictures, King Jean at the battle of Poitiers, produced £188; that of his great work at Versailles, Saint Louis at the battle of Taillebourg, £300; and that of the Death of Charles of Burgundy at the battle of Nancy, £180. A variation of his fine picture of the Assassination of the Bishop of Liège by the Wild Boar of Ardenness fetched £85; the Sibylle exhibited in 1845 and again in 1855, £134; and one of his noble flower pieces, of which four were shown at the 1855, £350. The most extraordinary cases were, however, those of some of his small oil sketches, of which the Wounded Cuirassier between two dead Horses fetched £124; Arabs shoeing a Horse, £96; A Horse attacked by a Lioness, £76; Two Horses playing, £96; and Horses at liberty, £64. The last of these masterly sketches is scarcely larger than a sheet of letter paper. The 86 lots sold on the first day produced considerably more than £3,000.

A painter died the other day in the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu who presents a striking contrast to Eugène Delacroix, the Count de Varroq, a descendant of the

ancient princes of Armorica, but who lived almost unknown, and died in poverty.

The *furor* at the present moment is for old pottery, the sale-rooms are full of the products of the old Rouen and other potteries: the other day a soup-tureen and stand fetched £160, and a plate of the same ware £48! A magnificent collection of this fabric has just been added to the Museum of the Hôtel Cluny. It includes 500 pieces, dating from the time of Henry IV.

The season of great picture exhibitions is now approaching: that of Paris opens on the 1st of May, one at Rotterdam on the 8th of the same month, and three others are being arranged in provincial towns of France, Tours, Rheims, and I believe Amiens; all these will be open to foreign artists.

The Théâtre Italien has been in full force during the last two or three weeks. Patti has achieved additional honours—*Rosina*, in spite of the dicta of certain critics who seem jealous of her London renown; but she is an immense favorite with the public, and especial pet of Rossini. The other evening the maestro gave one of his *recherchés* receptions, when Mesdames Patti and Meric-Lablache, and Gardoni, Delle-Sedie, and Scalse, executed twelve morceaux from the works of their host, with one from Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. One of Rossini's productions, *Il Fanciullo Snarruto* (the Lost Child), is inedited. An incident occurred at this meeting which showed the admiration of the composer for his visitor. Two gentlemen in an adjoining room indulged in rather loud conversation during one of the pieces given by Mlle. Patti, whereupon Rossini got up and closed the door; afterwards, upon the gentlemen in question entering the principal salon, the host took them to task before the whole company and said, "When Patti sings, all the world listens!"

M. Aldighieri, the new barytone, has had a decided success in *Travatore*, and his wife, well-known under her maiden name of Spezia, achieved a positive triumph in *Norma*. The sisters Marchisio and Messrs. Agnesi and Pagans have debuted in *Semiramide* with various degrees of success, the ladies carrying away the chief honours. The announcement that Meyerbeer's *Judith* was to be given at the Lyrique is now contradicted. The following will give a fair notion of the kind of music lately in vogue in Paris:—From November 1849 to May 1863, Rossini was given 407 times, Verdi 391, Donizetti 220, and Mozart 67! While touching on figures, it will not be inopportune to give the amount drawn by dramatic authors and composers from the Paris theatres during the year last past. The total is equivalent to £54,096. The new spectacle theatre, the Châtelet, stands highest in the list, having paid £6,000; the Comic Opera next, the Porte Saint-Martin third; then the Théâtre Français, which paid £4,400; the Galté, the Lyrique, and the Gymnase, nearly as much; after which comes the Grand Opera, which only disbursed on that account £3,460, or a little more than that cupboard called the Palais Royal. It must be remembered, also, that the Lyrique was only open for nine months instead of twelve. The support afforded by the State is, as usual, almost in inverse ratio to the support of the public, the Grand Opera having an allowance of £32,800 a year, and the Lyrique only £4,000.

There is nothing new at the theatres of sufficient interest to warrant the filling of the columns of the *Musical Monthly*. The only novelty of any importance is a piece on the *Don Carlos* model, by Victor Séjour, at the Ambigu, in five acts, with a prologue in two parts—making seven in all—very melodramatic, and not too well played.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION.—We are informed, that Mr Joseph Kremer, whose name we had occasion to mention in our first number with regard to an improvement introduced in the way of teaching the Theory and Composition of Music, will shortly begin a series of lectures, when he will explain his new system. The first lecture is to take place in Westbourne Hall, Baywater. Mr. Kremer has kindly consented to furnish, for *The Musical Monthly*, reports of his lectures, which promise to be of great interest to students.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—In consequence of the premises at our former address proving inadequate to meet the unexpected requirements of the Publishing, Lithographic, and Letter-press Printing Departments, the Proprietors have been necessitated to remove their offices to more convenient and capacious premises, at 33 Frith-street, Soho-square, London, W., where alone, in future, business respecting *THE MUSICAL MONTHLY* will be conducted.

Musical and Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors, 33 Frith-street, Soho-square, London, W.

Books and Music for review will be received by Messrs. Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25 Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the Office of *THE MUSICAL MONTHLY*.

TO THE TRADE.—The Third Edition of *THE MUSICAL MONTHLY* (No. 1) for January is now ready, and can be obtained from all Book and Music-sellers.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—*The Northern Harp*; Brief Notes on Continental Music; Mary Stuart's Farewell.

UNDER CONSIDERATION.—*Tales of the Musicians*—Haydon; Music, a Psychological Study; George Frederick Handel, Part I; The Family Dillard; Salvatore Rosa; Time and Tune.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—*Polychromatic Papers*; Dining in Public; Fanny O'Farrell; The Clown's Story; Sweethearts and Wives; False Steps.

## Fiction.

## MODESTE MIGNON.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHAT a simple and frivolous accident, at this time, decided the fate of Modeste.

This young girl saw in the shop of a bookseller a lithographic portrait of one of her favorites—Canalis. Every one knows the deceitfulness of these sketches, the fruit of impudent speculations in the persons of eminent men, as if their features were public property. Now, Canalis, drawn in quite a Byronic attitude, offered to public admiration his hair floating in the breeze, his neck uncovered, and the exaggerated forehead which is supposed to be necessary to every bard. As many craniums have been shaved through the brow of Victor Hugo, as the embryo marshals who have perished through the glory of Napoleon. This countenance, sublime by mercantile necessity, struck Modeste, and the day upon which she bought this portrait one of the finest works of d'Arthès had just appeared. Though Modeste may lose in the reader's estimation, it must be confessed that she hesitated long between the illustrious poet and the illustrious prose writer. But were these two celebrated men free? Modeste began by securing the co-operation of Françoise Cochet, a girl who had left Havre and returned in attendance upon poor Bettina-Caroline. She now resided in Havre, and was often engaged by Madame Mignon and Madame Dumay, in preference to any other, to assist in the household. Modeste conducted this girl, a poor ill-favoured creature, to her chamber; there she solemnly vowed to her that she would never bring the slightest sorrow to her parents—that she would never step beyond the bounds imposed on a young girl. As for Françoise, she promised by-and-by, when her father returned, to assure her future welfare, if she would only preserve inviolable secrecy regarding the service she required of her. And what was this? A little, a very innocent matter. All that Modeste required of her confidante was to post letters, and receive at the post-office those addressed to Françoise Cochet. The compact having been concluded, Modeste wrote a polite note to Dauriat, the publisher of Canalis' poems, in which she inquired, in the interest of the great poet, whether Canalis was married, and requested that a reply might be sent to Mademoiselle Françoise, *poste restante*, Havre. Dauriat, who could not regard this as a serious communication, sent in reply a letter concocted between five or six journalists in his office, and in which each inserted his epigram:—

"Mademoiselle, Canalis (Baron de), Constant-Cyr-Melchior, a member of the French Academy, born in 1800, is of the Canalis of La Corrèze; he is five feet four inches in height, well-formed, vaccinated, of pure race, has satisfied the conscription, enjoys perfect health, possesses a small patrimonial estate in La Corrèze, and wishes to marry, but very wealthy.

"He bears, party per pale, gules, an adze or; sable, a shell argent, surmounted by a baron's coronet; supports, two larch-trees vert. The device, *Or et fer*, which was never *aurifère*.

"The first Canalis, who departed for the Holy Land at the time of the first Crusade, is mentioned in the chronicles of Auvergne as having been armed only with an axe, on account of the complete indigence under which he laboured, and which has ever since weighed upon his race. Hence, no doubt, the escutcheon. The axe gave only a shell. This high baron is, moreover, celebrated for having discomfited hosts of infidels, and died at Jerusalem, without gold or iron, naked as a worm, on the road to Ascalon, before ambulances existed.

"The *château* of Canalis, which yields a few chestnuts, consists of two dismantled towers, united by the remains of a wall remarkable for its fine ivy, and pays a tax of twenty-two francs.

"The undersigned publisher would observe that he pays ten thousand francs (£400) for each volume of Canalis' poems, for he does not give his shells away.

"The singer of La Corrèze resides at No. 29 Rue Paradis-Poissonnière, which is a convenient locality for a poet of the angelic school. As the amount of the notes he receives bears an *in-verse* ratio to their value, all correspondence must be prepaid.

"The poet is patronized by certain noble ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and the king values him sufficiently to believe him capable of becoming an administrator. He has been recently nominated officer of the Legion of Honour, and, what is of more account, *maitre des requêtes* to the ministry of foreign affairs. This does not in the least prevent the great man from drawing a pension of three thousand francs intended for the encouragement of arts and letters. This pecuniary success causes in the publishing trade an eighth plague, from which Egypt was exempt—the plague of verses.

"The last edition of Canalis' works, on vellum paper, with vignettes by Bixiou, Joseph Bridau, Schimmer, Somervieux, &c., is printed by Didot, in five volumes, and will be sent post-free for nine francs."

This letter fell like a paving-stone on a tulip. This poet, attached to the ministry, receiving a pension, a candidate for further honours, and a favorite with the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—how unlike the poet of her dreams, squalid, lounging on the quays, mournful,

dreamy, oppressed by labour, and re-ascending to his garret laden with poetry! Nevertheless, Modeste divined the rilleries of the publisher, who said, "I have made Canalis! I have made Nathan!" Moreover, she perceived Canalis' poems—verses artfully concocted to cheat the sympathy of the artless, full of hypocrisy, and which demand a word of analysis, if only to explain her infatuation.

Canalis is distinguished from Lamartine, the chief of the angelic school, by nurse-like wheedlings, treacherous sweetness, and delightful correctness of language. If the chief, with his sublime cries, is an eagle, Canalis, in his white and roseate hues, is like a flamingo. In him women find the friend they lack, a discreet confidant, their interpreter, a being who can understand them and explain them to themselves. The wide margins left by Dauriat in the last edition were full of confessions written in pencil by Modeste, who sympathized with this dreamy and tender soul. Canalis possesses not the gift of creation; he cannot breathe life into his fancies; but he knows how to soothe vague sorrows, like those which oppressed Modeste. He speaks to young girls in their own language; he lulls the pain of their sharpest wounds, calming sighs and even sobs. His talent consists not in discoursing sagely to sufferers and giving them a remedy against strong emotions; but he contents himself with telling them in an harmonious voice, which they believe, "I am unhappy like you—I understand you perfectly: come to me, let us weep together beside this stream, beneath the willows." And people go! and they listen to his poetry, empty and sonorous as the songs with which nurses lull infants to sleep.

Canalis, like Nodier in this, bewitches you with a naiveness natural with the latter and affected with Canalis, by his art, by his smile, by his drooping flowers, and his childish philosophy. He mimics closely enough the language of childhood to lead one back into the field of illusions. We are pitiless with the eagles; we wish to see in them the qualities of the diamond, incorruptible perfection; but from Canalis we are content with the plaintive cry of the orphan—we make every allowance for him. He seems a good fellow, and especially quite human. His trickery as an angelic poet succeeds, as will always that of the women who play well the ingenious, the surprised, the youthful, the victim, the wounded angel. Modeste, resuming her old impressions, felt confidence in this mind, in this physiognomy alluring as that of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. She listened not to the bookseller. So, at the beginning of August, she despatched this letter to the idol of her imagination, who still passes for a star in the modern Pleiades.

## TO MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"Often before this, monsieur, I have thought of writing to you—and why? You divine the reason—to tell you how much I love your talent. Yes, I feel it a necessity to express to you the admiration of a provincial girl, solitary in her corner, and whose only happiness is to read your poems. From René I have come to you. Melancholy leads to reverie. How many other women must have sent you the homage of their secret thoughts! What chance have I of being distinguished from such a crowd? What attention can this letter, full of my soul, receive, greater than that given to all the perfumed epistles with which you are tormented? I come before you in a more annoying mode than any other correspondent, for I desire to remain unknown, and yet I request your entire confidence, as if I had long been acquainted with you.

"Pray receive me favorably, and reply to me. I will not engage to make myself known at some future time, yet I will not absolutely refuse. What can I add to this letter? Behold in it, monsieur, a great effort, and permit me to proffer you my hand—oh! a very friendly hand, that of

"Your servant

"O. D'ESTE M.

"If you grant me the favour of a reply, pray address your letter to Mademoiselle F. Cochet, *poste restante*, Havre."

All young ladies, romantic or not, may now imagine in what impatience Modeste passed the next few days. The air was full of fiery tongues. She seemed to herself endowed with wings. She felt not her body, but appeared to soar in nature. The Earth sank away beneath her feet. Admiring the institution of the post-office, she followed her little sheet of paper through space; she felt herself happy, as we are happy when twenty years old at the first exercise of our will. She was occupied, possessed after the fashion of the middle ages. She pictured to herself the apartment, the cabinet of the poet; she beheld him open her letter, and she fabricated suppositions by myriads.

After having sketched the poetry, it is necessary now to give the profile of the poet. Canalis is a little, spare man, of an aristocratic figure, dark, endowed with a vituline countenance and a rather little head, like those of men who possess more vanity than pride. He is fond of luxury, pomp, and grandeur. Fortune is a need for him as for any one else. As proud of his nobility as of his talent, he has slain his ancestors by too great pretensions in the present. After all, the Canalis are not Navarres, Cardignans, Grandlions, or Nègrepielises. Nevertheless, Nature has well supported his pretensions. He has those eyes of Oriental brightness which are required in poets, a charming tact in his manners, and a thrilling voice; but his natural charlatanism nearly destroys these advantages. In sooth, he is a perfect actor. The elegance of his step is the result of habitual study. His familiar speeches are pre-arranged. His attitudes are dramatic, because he has

tutored himself into them as into a second nature. These faults in him are not incompatible with a constant generosity—a quality that we might term *paladinage*, as distinguished from chivalry. Canalis has not faith enough to be a Don Quixote; but his mind is too elevated for him not to be always found on the fair side of questions. This poetry, which makes its sorties at every turn, greatly prejudices this poet, who would otherwise not appear lacking in wit, but his talent forbids the display of personal sense. He is dominated by his reputation, and strives to appear greater than that. Thus, as often happens, the man is in complete discord with the products of his thought. Those soft, sweet, naïve, tender, wheedling passages,—those calm lines, pure as lake ice,—that caressing feminine poetry, owe their authorship to an ambitious little man, buttoned in a precise frock-coat, with a diplomatic bearing, dreaming of political influence, redolent of aristocracy, perfumed, pretentious, thirsting for fortune to obtain the income necessary to his ambition, and already spoiled by his success in a double form—the crown of laurel and the crown of myrtle. An office yielding eight thousand francs, a pension of three thousand, two thousand from the Academy, a thousand crowns rent from his patrimony (deteriorated for want of agricultural improvement), making together fifteen thousand francs, besides ten thousand francs produced regularly one year with another by the sale of his works, in all twenty-five thousand francs (£1,000)—this sum constituted for Modeste's hero a fortune then the more precarious inasmuch as he expended about five or six thousand francs beyond his income; but the privy purse of the king and the secret funds of the ministry had hitherto covered his deficits. He had furnished a hymn for the coronation which had been worth a silver mine to him. He refused any payment, and declared that the Canalis owed their homage to the king of France. The chivalric king smiled, and the poet lost nothing by his disclaimer of pecuniary recompense. Charles X. was not to be outdone in generosity of sentiment.

At this period Canalis had, as literary men say, written himself out. He felt himself incapable of acquiring a new fortune from poetry: his lyre, instead of seven strings, possessed but one; and having worn this one out, the public left him now only the alternative of hanging himself with it, or of holding his peace. De Marsay, who bore no friendship to Canalis, once indulged in this pleasantry concerning him, the envenomed point of which touched the poet's self-love to the quick. "Canalis," said he, "reminds me of that most courageous man signalized by Frederick the Great after a battle—that musician who had never ceased playing the same tune upon his little instrument." Canalis wished to become a politician, and turned to account, as a beginning, the journey he had made to Madrid, at the time of the Duc de Chaulieu's embassy, in the character of *attaché*, but *attaché* to the duchess, according to the *mot* then current in Parisian circles. How often has a sarcasm decided the fate of a man! The quondam president of the Cisalpine republic, the greatest advocate of Piedmont, Colla, at forty years of age happened to hear a friend say he knew nothing of botany. He felt piqued, became a Jussieu, cultivated flowers, invented them, and published the *Flora of Piedmont* in Latin—the work of ten years. "After all," said the extinguished poet. "Canning and Chateaubriand were politicians, and de Marsay will yet find me his master!"

Canalis wished to write a great political work; but he was afraid of compromising himself with the Parisian press, the exigencies of which are cruel to those who contract the habit of taking four alexandrines to express an idea. Of all the poets of this time, three only, Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and de Vigny, were able to unite the double glory of poets and prose writers—a union which was achieved also by Racine and Voltaire, Molière and Rabelais, and is one of the rarest distinctions of French literature, which should signalize a poet among all his contemporaries. Therefore the poet of the Faubourg Saint-Germain acted wisely in attempting to house his chariot under the protecting roof of the administration.

When he became *maitre des requêtes*, he experienced the need of having a secretary—a friend who could replace him on various occasions, conduct his transactions with the publishers, look after his fame in the journals, and aid him when necessary in politics—in short, be his confidential companion. In Paris many men eminent in science, in the arts, or in letters, have one or two trainbearers, a captain of guards or a chamberlain, who live in the rays of their sun—a kind of aide-de-camps charged with delicate missions, allowing themselves to be compromised at need, labouring at the pedestal of the idol, not exactly servants, nor altogether equals, intrepid in vindication, the first in the breach and the last in retreat, always busy about something, and devoted whilst their illusions last, or until their ends are attained. Some discover a little ingratitude in their great man, others find out that they are only his tools, many grow weary of the occupation, and a few content themselves with that mild sentimental equality which is the sole reward that should be expected from intimacy with a superior mind, and with which Ali, the scholar of Mahomet, was satisfied in regard to his master. Many, deceived by their self-love, begin to consider themselves as able as their great man. Devotion is rare, especially without pay, without expectancy, as Modeste conceived it. Nevertheless Mennevals are to be found, and more at Paris than anywhere else—men fond of living beneath a shadow, strayed Benedictines in our society, without a monastery to receive them. These valiant lambs manifest in their actions, in

their private life, the poetry expressed by writers. They are poets in heart, in their secret meditations, in affection, as others are poets upon paper, in the fields of intelligence, and by the number of their verses.

Attracted by the glory of Canalis, by the future promised to this would-be political genius, and advised by Madame d'Espard, who here played the part of the Duchess of Chaulieu, a young referendary councillor of the Court des Comptes constituted himself honorary secretary to the poet, and received from him that kind of friendship accorded by a successful speculator to the person who has lent him his first capital. In its commencement this companionship much resembled friendship. The young councillor had already stood in a similar relation to a member of the ministry which fell in 1827, but his patron had fortunately installed him in his present office at the Court des Comptes. Ernest de La Brière, now twenty-seven years of age, member of the Legion of Honour, and with no fortune but the emoluments of his office, possessed a good insight into public matters, and had obtained no little experience after having been domesticated in a principal minister's office for four years. Mild, amiable, almost bashful in his character, and with a heart full of generous feeling, he shrank from occupying a place in the foremost rank. Had he to choose, the office of secretary to a Napoleon would have been more to his liking than that of prime minister.

Ernest became the friend of Canalis, and laboured diligently in his service; but in eighteen months he had recognized the cold, selfish nature of this man, so poetic only by literary expression. The truth of the proverb, that the habit does not make the monk, is especially applicable in literature. It is very rarely that true accord exists between talent and character. This separation, the phenomena of which are astonishing, constitutes an unexplored, it may be an inexorable mystery. The brain, and its products of all kinds (for in the arts the hand of man is the continuation of his brain), form a world apart, which grows up beneath the cranium in perfect independence of the sentiments and the virtues of the citizen, the head of the family, or the private man. But this phenomenon is not absolute: in man nothing is absolute. It is certain that the debauchee will dissipate his talent, that the drunkard will drown his genius in his libations; but the strictest regard to morality and sobriety will not create talent or genius in an ordinary man. It is well-nigh certain that Virgil, the portrayer of amours, never loved a Dido; it is known that Rousseau, the moral citizen, had pride enough for a whole aristocracy. Nevertheless, Michael-Angelo and Raffaele presented a happy accord of genius and private character. Talent, with men, is much the same thing, morally, as beauty with women—a promise. We must, indeed, doubly admire the man whose heart and character are in perfect agreement with his talent.

On discovering in the poet an ambitious egotist—the worst kind of egotist, for there are amiable ones—Ernest began to feel ashamed of his position; but men of honest souls do not easily sever their ties, especially those which they have voluntarily taken upon them. The secretary, therefore, was on good terms with the poet when Modeste's letter passed through the post, as people continue on good terms with others by constant self-sacrifice. La Brière gave Canalis the full benefit of the frankness with which he opened his mind to him. Moreover, with this man, who would be held great during his life, and who would be courted as was Marmontel, his faults formed only the reverse of brilliant qualities. And without his vanity and pretension, perhaps he would not have possessed that self-sufficient air which is a necessary instrument of actual political life. His coldness had an appearance of rectitude and loyalty. His ostentation was balanced by undoubted generosity. The results were beneficial to society; the motives must be left to the judgement of Heaven.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN Modeste's letter arrived, Ernest was no longer deceived as to the real character of Canalis. The two friends had just breakfasted, and were talking in the poet's study, which overlooked a garden, and formed one of his suite of apartments on the ground floor of a house fronted by a courtyard.

"Oh!" cried Canalis, "as I was saying to Madame de Chaulieu the other day, I ought to launch a new poem, for admiration is cooling: this is the only anonymous letter I have received for some time."

"From an incognito?" asked La Brière.

"Yes, from an incognito! from a d'Este, and at Havre! But the name is evidently an assumed one."

And Canalis passed the letter to La Brière. This poem, this secret effusion of enthusiasm—Modeste's heart, in fact—was contemptuously tossed across the table by a blasé connoisseur.

"It is a fine thing," exclaimed the councillor, "thus to attract to oneself the most bashful natures—to force a poor girl to come out of the bounds imposed by education, nature, and society—to break down all conventionalities! What a privilege genius acquires! A letter like this I hold, written by a young girl, a true girl, without reservation, with enthusiasm . . ."

"Well?" said Canalis.

"Well, if a man had suffered as much as Tasso, it would be a sufficient recompense for him," said La Brière.

"One says that, my dear fellow, on receiving the first or even second letter," replied Canalis; "but when it is the thirtieth—when one has found the young enthusiast

to be a forward minx—when at the end of the brilliant road traversed by the poet's imagination one has found an old woman sitting on a milestone and offering her hand—when the postal angel resolves herself into a young woman of mere ordinary prettiness in search of a husband—oh, then the effervescence subsides!"

"I begin to think," said La Brière, smiling, "that glory has something of a poisonous quality, like certain brilliant flowers."

"And then, my friend," rejoined Canalis, "all these women, even when they are sincere, have an ideal, and you seldom answer to their conception. They don't suppose that the poet is as vain a man as I am charged with being; they never imagine that he is a man afflicted with a kind of feverish agitation which renders him disagreeable and variable in temper; they want him always great, always heroic; they never consider that talent is a malady; that Nathan lives with Florine, that d'Artez is too fat, that Joseph Bridau is too lean, that Béranger is a fast walker, that the deity may be phlegmatic. A Lucien de Rubempré, a poet and a fine man, is a phoenix. Why, then, should one go in search of sorry compliments, and undergo the cold shower-bath of a woman's blank look when her illusion is dispersed?"

"The true poet, then," said La Brière, "should remain concealed, like God in the centre of his worlds, and appear only by his creations?"

"Glory would cost too much then," replied Canalis. "Life has its pleasures. But look you, when a young and beautiful girl loves a poet, she does not conceal herself in niches or the corners of a stage box, like a duchess smitten with an actor: she feels herself strong enough, sufficiently protected by her beauty, her fortune, and her name to say, as in all epic poems: 'I am the nymph Calypso, and I love Telemachus.' Mystification is the resource of small minds. For some time now I have not responded to these masks . . ."

"Oh! how I should love a woman who thus showed her preference for me!" exclaimed La Brière, repressing a tear. "I might reply to you, my dear Canalis, that it is never a poor girl who aspires to an eminent man, she would have too much diffidence, too much vanity, too much fear! It is always a star—a . . ."

"A princess!" interposed Canalis, bursting into a loud laugh. "That's what you mean, eh? A princess who stoops to him! My dear fellow, that may happen once in a hundred years. Such a love is like the flower that blooms once a century. Princesses, young, rich, and beautiful, are too well occupied for that; they are surrounded, like all delicate plants, by a fence—a fence of fools—your well-trained gentlemen, shallow as puddles! My dream, alas! the vision I beheld in the crystal of fancy, embroidered from La Corrèze hither with garlands of flowers, with what fervour!—But let us speak of it no more; it has long lain shattered to fragments at my feet. No, no; every anonymous letter is a falsehood! And what preposterous demands! Write to this little individual, granting she is young and pretty, and you will see. You will have nothing else to do. For me, I have enough of love-making to do now, and one can't love every woman—it's unreasonable to expect it."

"But when a woman addresses you thus, her excuse must be the certainty of eclipsing in affection, in beauty, any other for whom you may feel an attachment," said Ernest; "and then a natural curiosity . . ."

"Ah!" replied Canalis, "you will permit me to restrain my curiosity from leading me into any fresh entanglements of the heart."

"Well, perhaps you are right—quite right," rejoined Ernest.

Nevertheless the young secretary read and re-read Modeste's letter, trying to catch its hidden meaning.

"There is no magniloquence here, though; she does not endow you with genius, she addresses your heart," said he to Canalis. "This odour of modesty, and this proposed contract would tempt me . . ."

"Answer the letter then, and go through with the adventure on your own account," exclaimed Canalis. "You have permission to use my name—it will be a sorry perquisite. Let me know how you get on in three months' time, if the affair lasts three months."

Four days later Modeste held in her hand the following letter, on superfine paper, protected by a double envelope, and sealed with the crest of Canalis:—

"Mademoiselle,—Admiration for great works, supposing mine to be great, carries with it so much sacredness and candour as to protect from all railery and justify before any tribunal the step you have taken in writing to me. Before all, I ought to thank you for the pleasure which such testimonials cause, even when they are unmerited; for the versifier and the poet, in their inmost selves, always think themselves worthy, so great is the power of self-love under the influence of eulogy. The best proof of friendship that I can give to an unknown lady, in exchange for the appreciation which will cure the wounds inflicted by the fangs of the critics, will it not be to share with her the harvest of my experience, even at the risk of dissipating vivid illusions?"

"Mademoiselle, the fairest triumph of a young girl is the bloom of a holy, pure, and irreproachable life. Are you alone in the world? Then I have nothing to say. But if you have a family, a father or a mother, think of all the sorrows that might follow a letter like yours, addressed to a poet with whom you have no personal acquaintance. All writers are not angels; they have their faults. Among them are frivolous, giddy, foppish, ambitious, or licentious men; and however imposing innocence

may be, however chivalrous the French poet, at Paris you will meet more than one degenerate minstrel, ready to cultivate your affection in order to deceive it. Your letter would by such have been interpreted otherwise than it has by me. A thought would be seen in it that you had not intended, and which, in your innocence, you had never conceived. As many authors, so many characters. I am extremely flattered that you have deemed me worthy to understand you; but if you had fallen upon a talented hypocrite—a scoffer who writes melancholy books, but whose life is a continual carnival, you might have discovered at the catastrophe of your sublime imprudence an unworthy man, some haunter of green-rooms or hero of cigar-divans. You do not perceive, beneath your bowers of clematis, the cigar-odour which robs the manuscript of its poetry; just as when you go to a ball, decked with the brilliant produce of the jeweller, you never think of the brawny arms, the workmen in their shirt-sleeves, the sordid workshops from which these radiant flowers of labour have sprung.

"Let us go further. How can the dreamy and solitary life, that you no doubt lead on the border of the sea, interest a poet, whose mission is to investigate all things since he must depict all? Our maidens here are so accomplished that no daughter of Eve can struggle against them! Can a dream ever be worth a reality? Now, what would you gain—you, a young girl trained to become the sage mother of a family—by initiating yourself into the terrible agitations of the lives of poets in this frightful capital, which can only be defined in these words:—a hell that men learn to love! If the desire of enlivening the monotonous life of an inquisitive girl has caused you to take up your pen, does not this savour of a morbid mind? How shall I read your letter? Are you a neglected damsel that seeks a distant friend? Do you labour under the affliction of plainness, and feel yourself a fine soul without a confidant? Alas! sad conclusion: you have done too much or not sufficient. Either let us stop here; or, if you continue, tell me more than you have told in your letter to me."

"But, mademoiselle, if you are young, if you are beautiful, if you have relatives, if you feel in your heart a celestial spikenard to diffuse, as did Magdalene at the feet of Jesus, accept the devotion of some man worthy of you, and become what every good girl should become—an excellent woman, the virtuous mother of a family. A poet is the sorriest conquest that a maiden can make. Believe me, a poet is the most unpoetical of men, as the slaves in the American silver mines are the least wealthy. He has too many vanities, too many sharp angles which must come into collision with the legitimate vanities of a woman, and wound an affection without experience of life. A poet's wife should love him long before she marries him; she should be endowed with the charity of the angels, with their indulgence, and with the virtues of maternity. These qualities, mademoiselle, are only in the germ with young girls."

"Allow me to tell you the whole truth: do I not owe it to you for your intoxicating flattery? If it is glorious to marry a great and renowned man, the wife soon discovers that such a man is, in ordinary human relations, similar to any other. He realizes a woman's hopes so much the less, inasmuch as prodigies are expected of him. It is then with a celebrated poet as with a woman whose too greatly-vaunted beauty makes one exclaim on beholding her: 'I should have thought her handsomer.' She no longer responds to the exigencies of the portrait traced by the fairy to whom I am indebted for your note—Imagination. Finally, the qualities of the mind are developed and flourish only in an invisible sphere: the poet's wife feels only the inconveniences of it; she watches the fabrication of the jewels, instead of wearing them."

"If you are fascinated by the excitements of an exceptional position, learn that the pleasures of it are soon consumed. It becomes irritating to find so many asperities in a situation which, at a distance, appeared smooth—to discover so much cold on a glittering summit. Then, as women never set their foot in the world of difficulties, they soon get to appreciate no longer that which they admired, when they believe themselves, at first sight, initiated into its mysteries. I will conclude with a last consideration, in which you will be wrong to perceive a disguised entreaty: it is the advice of a friend. Exchange of soul can be established only between people disposed to conceal nothing from each other. Do we lay open the depths of our souls to an unknown stranger? I will not attempt to follow up the consequences of such an idea."

"Behold here, mademoiselle, the homage that we owe to all women, even to those who are unknown and masked."

After having held this letter between her corset and her breast, upon her throbbing heart, for a whole day—after having reserved its perusal for the hour when all would sleep, midnight, and having awaited this solemn silence with the anxiety of an excited imagination—after having blessed the poet, read a thousand letters in advance, and fancied everything but this drop of cold water falling upon the most vaporous forms of fantasy and dissolving them as prussic acid dissolves life—after all this, it was no wonder that Modeste should seek concealment, although alone, extinguish her candle, and weep.

It was one of the early nights of July. Modeste rose, traversed her chamber, and opened the casement. She wanted air. The perfume of the flowers ascended to her, with the freshness peculiar to the odours of night. The sea, illumined by the moon, gleamed like a mirror. A nightingale sang in an arbour of Vilquin's park. "Ah!

there is a poet!" said Modeste to herself, as her wrath subsided. The bitterest reflections followed in her mind. She felt herself stung to the quick. She would read the letter again; she re-lit the candle, she studied this studied prose, and ended by hearkening to the earnest voice of the real world. "He is right, and I am wrong," she said to herself. "But how can one believe in discovering a sage old Molière beneath the starchy robe of the poets?"

When a woman or a girl is taken in *flagrante delicto*, she conceives a deep animosity against the witness, the author, or the object of her fault. Thus the true, natural, savage Modeste experienced in her heart a yearning desire to retaliate upon this spirit of rectitude, and to hurl him back into some inconsistency—to return him this stunning blow. This maiden, so pure, whose head only had been corrupted, by her readings, by the long agony of her sister, and by the dangerous meditations of solitude, felt her countenance suddenly illumined by a ray of light. She had passed three hours in devoted tacks on the immense sea of Doubt. Such nights are never forgotten. Modeste went straight to the little Chinese table that her father had given her, and wrote a letter dictated by the wild spirit of resentment which is only felt in all its intensity by young people.

#### A MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"Monsieur,—You are certainly a great poet: but you are something more—you are an honest man. After exhibiting so much loyal frankness with a young girl who trod upon an abyss, will you have enough to answer me, without the slightest hypocrisy or equivocation, this question:—

"Would you have written the letter which I have received in answer to mine—would your ideas and your language have been the same, if some one had whispered in your ear, what may prove true: 'Mademoiselle O. d'Este M. possesses six millions, and would have no doubt for her master'?"

"Admit this supposition to be certain for a moment. Be with me as with yourself; fear nothing: I am greater than my twenty years. Nothing that you say in all frankness can injure you in my estimation. When I have read this confidence, if indeed you deign to favour me with it, you will receive a reply from me to your first letter.

"After having admired your talent, so frequently sublime, permit me to do homage to your delicacy and your probity, which will oblige me always to remain

"Your humble servant,  
"O. D'ESTE M."

When Ernest de La Brière received this letter, he went out and paced the boulevards, his mind agitated like a frail barque in a tempest with the wind blowing from all quarters from one moment to another. For a young man such as those so often met with, for a true Parisian, all would have been said in this sentence: "She is a little dissipated minx!" But, for a youth of a noble and refined soul, this sort of deferred vow, this appeal to truth, had the effect of waking the three judges ensconced in the depths of all consciences. And Honour, Truth, and Justice, rising to their feet, spoke energetically.

"Ah! my dear Ernest," said Truth, "you would assuredly not have read that lesson to a rich heiress! Ah! my boy, you would have been off with all speed to Havre, to see if the girl was beautiful, and you would have felt unhappy at the preference accorded to genius. And if you could have tripped up your friend's heels, and made yourself agreeable in his stead, Mademoiselle d'Este would have been sublime!"

"What, you are always complaining," exclaimed Justice, "you people of wit and capacity, but without money, at seeing rich girls married to creatures whom you wouldn't employ as your porters; you rail at the hardness of the age, which busies itself in uniting gold to gold, and never a fine young fellow of talent to some rich and noble girl. Well, here is a maiden who revolts against this spirit of the times—and the poet replies to her with a vulgar rap on the heart!"

"Rich or poor, young or old, fair or ugly," said Honour; "this girl is right; she has wit; she rolls the poet in the mire of personal interest. She deserves a sincere, noble, and frank reply, and above all the expression of your thought. Examine yourself! Probe your heart, and purge it of meanness. What would Molière's 'Alceste' say?"

And La Brière, leaving the Boulevard Poissonnière, walked on so slowly, lost in his reflections, that it took him an hour to reach the Boulevard des Capucines. He went by the quays to reach the Cour des Comptes, then situated near the Sainte-Chapelle; but, instead of verifying accounts, he sat still under the weight of his perplexities. "She has not six millions, that's evident," he said to himself; "but that is not the question!"

Six days after Modeste received the following letter:—

"Mademoiselle,—You are not a d'Este. That name is a borrowed one to conceal your own. Are the revelations that you solicit due to one who falsifies her identity? Listen: I will reply to your request by another. Are you of an illustrious family—of a noble family? Or are you of a citizen family? Certainly morality does not change—it is always one; but obligations change according to one's sphere. In like manner as the sun illumines variously different sites, and produces the diversities of shade and colour that we admire; so morality conforms social duty to rank and position. The peccadillo of the soldier is a crime in the general, and reciprocally. Different obligations are laid upon a peasant girl that tills the earth, upon a workwoman at fifteen sous a day, upon the daughter of a small shopkeeper, of a well-

to-do tradesman, or of a merchant prince, to those which rest upon the heiress of a noble family—a daughter of the house of d'Este. A king should not stoop to pick up a piece of gold, and the labourer should retrace his steps to recover ten sous he has lost, although each should equally obey the laws of economy. A d'Este, with a fortune of six millions, may don a wide-brimmed hat with feathers, brandish her riding-whip, mount her steed, and come, an amazon embroidered with gold and followed by lackeys, to a poet, saying: 'I love poetry, and I wish to expiate the wrongs which Tasso suffered from Leonora!' whilst the daughter of a trader would cover herself with ridicule by imitating her. To what social class do you belong? Answer frankly, and I will reply in like wise to the question you have proposed to me.

"Not having the happiness of knowing you, and being already bound to you by a kind of poetic communion, I would not offer you vulgar homage. Perhaps you already consider yourself victorious in a mischievous trick by embarrassing a man who publishes his books."

Ernest did not lack that kind of address which a man of honour may be permitted to exhibit. By return of post he received the reply:—

#### A MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"You are more and more rational, my dear poet. My father is a count. The most illustrious member of our family was a cardinal, at the time when cardinals stood almost as the equals of kings. At present, our house, in a manner fallen, ends in me; but my birth entitles me to enter any court or any circle. In short, we are equals of the Canalis. You will excuse my not sending you our arms. Endeavour to respond as sincerely as I do. I await your reply to learn if I may still call myself, as now,

"Your servant,  
"O. D'ESTE M."

"How she abuses her advantages, the little creature!" exclaimed La Brière. "But is she sincere?"

People do not fill for four years the post of private secretary to a minister; they do not dwell in Paris, and watch the intrigues, with impunity. Thus the purest mind is always more or less affected by the intoxicating atmosphere of that imperial city.

Rejoicing that he was not Canalis, the young referendary took a place in the mail-coach to Havre, after having written a letter in which he promised a reply by a stated day, pleading delay on account of the importance of the confession demanded and his occupations at the ministry. He took care to obtain from the postmaster-general a note which enjoined silence and obligingness on the postmaster of Havre. Ernest was thus enabled to watch Françoise Cochet when she came to the post-office, and to follow her without exciting attention. Keeping in her wake, he reached the heights of Ingouville, and beheld Modeste Mignon at the window of the Chalet.

"Well, Françoise?" inquired that young lady.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said the work-girl, "I have got one."

Struck by the beauty of this celestial blond, Ernest retraced his steps, and inquired of a passer-by the name of the owner of that magnificent residence.

"That?" replied the person accosted, pointing to the estate.

"Yes, my friend."

"Oh, that belongs to Monsieur Vilquin, the richest shipowner in Havre—a man who doesn't know himself what he's worth."

"I can't remember any Cardinal Vilquin in history," thought the referendary, as he descended towards Havre, to return to Paris.

Naturally, he questioned the postmaster concerning the Vilquin family. He learned that they possessed an immense fortune. Monsieur Vilquin had a son and two daughters, one of whom was married to Monsieur Althor, junior. Prudence prevented La Brière from appearing too much interested in the Vilquins; but still he asked: "Is there no one staying with the Vilquins just now besides the family?"

"Just now," replied the postmaster, "the d'Hérouville family are there. There is talk of the marriage of the young duke with the younger Mademoiselle Vilquin."

"Well," thought Ernest, "there was the famous Cardinal d'Hérouville under the Valois, and under Henri IV. the terrible marshal who was created a duke."

Ernest returned, having seen enough of Modeste to dream of her—to think that, rich or poor, if she possessed a fine soul, he would very willingly make her Madame de La Brière, and he resolved to continue the correspondence.

Endeavour to remain unknown, ye poor women—to indulge in the least possible of romance in the midst of a civilization which notes the hour of arrival and departure of the cabs in the public squares; which stamps the letters over again when they are delivered in the boxes and when they are distributed; which reckons up the houses; which devours the addresses on tax-papers, and peeps into their interiors; which is always going to come into its own property, and shows a most sympathetic concern in the monetary affairs of its neighbours. Endeavour to withdraw yourselves, imprudent girls, not from the eye of the police, but of that implacable gossip which, in a petty market town, scrutinizes the most indifferent actions, counts the dessert-plates of the mayor and scans the fruit delivered at the door of the small fundholder, which endeavours to hear the jingle of the gold at the moment when the economist adds to his treasure, and which, every

evening in the chimney corner, sums up the fortunes of the village, the town, or the county.

Modeste had escaped, by a vulgar misconception, the effects of even the most harmless species of espionage, with which Ernest was already reproaching himself. But what Parisian would endure to be the dupe of a little provincial girl? "Never be anybody's dupe" is the evil maxim which dissolves all the noble sentiments of man.

(To be continued.)

## Life and Literary Sketches.

### RACHEL.

FORTY-FOUR years ago the Burgomaster of the Swiss town of Aran, in the Canton of Aargau, carelessly noted down in his official records that a woman who went about peddling—*une femme qui colportait*—had just given birth to a child in the neighbouring hamlet of Munf. The name of the parents was thought of too little consequence to be recorded at the time. The father was a poor Jewish peddler named Félix; the mother was Esther Haya, his wife; and that child, who first saw the light in the lowly inn of this poor Swiss hamlet, was Elizabeth Rachel Félix, whom all the world afterwards knew as "Rachel."

For years the father and mother wandered about in Switzerland and Germany, pursuing a petty traffic in the thousand trifles that fill the pack of the Jewish pedlar. Homeless; and without roof of their own, they bore about with them their ragged and hungry children—for Rachel was not their first-born.

It seems to be a fixed law that in civilized communities the homeless and desolate, sooner or later, gravitate toward the large cities, whether seeking to hide from observation in the solitude of a crowd, or drawn by the persuasion that where so many find means to live there must be room for another. So in the course of time the Félix family made their way to Lyons.

Poor Esther Haya had a brave heart, and struggled nobly against her hard fortune. At Lyons she succeeded in setting up a little clothing shop. Here she sold or bartered her humble wares, while her husband gave occasional lessons in German, when pupils were to be had; and Sarah, the eldest of the children, went about the *cafés* singing ballads and songs, taking with her little sister Rachel, to pass around among the tables and gather up the few sous which the wine-drinkers and domino-players were disposed to bestow, more as charity than in acknowledgement for the entertainment they had received from the singing of the child.

In 1830 the family made their way from Lyons to Paris, little dreaming of the brilliant fortune which was in store for them. For a while they lived in Paris much as they had done at Lyons. The children haunted the doors of the *cafés*; but Rachel was now old enough to bear her part in the songs, instead of merely gathering up the contributions; and at night they carried their scanty gains to the poor lodgings of their parents.

To the honour of Rachel be it said, that she has never sought to conceal her humble origin and the struggles of her childhood. Monsieur Eugène de Mircourt, who has written a somewhat malicious memoir of the great tragedian, relates a story, which we take the liberty of doubting. It is worth telling, however, as illustrative of the well-known fact that Rachel glories in recounting the incidents of her early career, as Napoleon took a half-malicious pleasure in speaking to his brother emperors of the time when he was a corporal.

Rachel, says Monsieur de Mircourt, was once paying an evening visit to her old friend Madame S., when her eye fell upon a guitar, black and dingy with age.

"You don't care about keeping this old guitar, I am sure, my dear," said Rachel, her face lighting up with a sudden thought. "Will you make me a present of it?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure; and I shall be much obliged to you for helping me to get rid of a very ugly bit of furniture."

So the dingy old guitar, which seemed to have seen better days, was forthwith despatched to Rachel's residence in the Rue Joubert. Here it was covered with a silken case, and duly installed in the place of honour over the mantle, in the boudoir of its new owner. Three days after—for Monsieur de Mircourt is very scrupulous in the matter of dates—Rachel was visited in her boudoir by the Count Walewski, the son of the Great Napoleon, as all the world knows, who subsequently became the French Minister at the Court of St James.

"Misericorde! what have we here?" asked the Count, inspecting through his glass the old guitar, which seemed strangely out of place in the boudoir of the great artiste.

"That," said Rachel, assuming an expression of deep feeling, "that is the guitar with which I—poor child that I was—used once to go singing about the streets, asking charity of the passers-by."

"Is it possible! I entreat you to give me this precious memento of your childhood. It's a treasure for me, for everybody, for history."

"I preserve it as such. I would not part with it for fifty thousand francs."

Now it must be borne in mind that the veriest Shylock could not have been more keenly alive to the value of money than was Rachel. Paris was full of stories illustrative of this. "She is not a Jewess—she's a perfect Jew," said some one who wished to give epigrammatic intensity to

the expression of the general sentiment. When, therefore, Rachel declared that fifty thousand francs would not buy the old guitar, her admirer had good reason to suppose that she had special cause for cherishing it. He grew all the more eager to possess the precious relic.

"I must have it!" he exclaimed. "Cost what it may, I will have it."

"Oh, you are foolish."

"Tenez, Rachel, I'll give you in exchange for it that diamond bracelet and ruby necklace which you asked of me the other day. You shall send for them this moment to the jeweller's. Is it a bargain?"

The cunning Count, as well as others, knew to his cost that Rachel had a perfect passion for jewellery, and was sure that the temptation would be stronger than even her affection for this memento of her childhood. And so it was.

"Ah, well," said Rachel, with a deep sigh of regret, "take the guitar."

A happy man was the Count in the possession of his historic prize, which he proudly displayed to all his friends. But his happiness was too great to last. Unluckily, it happened that Madame S. was one day among the number to whom the Count displayed his treasure and recounted its touching history. Could human virtue be expected to keep so good a story a secret? The good lady burst out into exclamations of surprise, and revealed the real history of the guitar.

If the story be a true one, we can very well believe Monsieur de Mirecourt, that the son of Napoleon never forgave himself for being thus duped. It was certainly little to his credit as a diplomatist, and would not be likely to win the favour of his astute cousin the Emperor.

One day, when the two little Jewesses were singing in the streets, they attracted the attention of Etienne Choron, the founder of the *Institution Royale de Musique Religieuse*. He was especially struck by the magnificent voice which the little Rachel possessed even at that early age. He discerned the promise of her rare genius, and determined to bring her into his classes.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Elizabeth Rachel, Monsieur."

"Rachel! Ah, that savours of the Old Testament," soliloquized Choron. "That name will never do for a Christian singer."

"Well then, there's my other name, Elizabeth," suggested the child.

"That's better, certainly; but there's no use of the *beth*; I shall put your name down on my list as Eliza. Come to my class to-morrow, and don't run about the streets any more. I'll take care of you."

In the course of a few weeks Choron perceived that the clear, sonorous voice of his little protégée fitted her for the stage rather than for the choir. He was, however, faithful to his promise to be her protector, and placed her under the instruction of Saint-Aulaire, who prepared pupils for the stage.

The wandering life which the child had led afforded little opportunity for education. She could scarcely read, and her new teacher was forced to begin with the very rudiments. For four years she remained under his charge, during which time he sedulously cultivated the rich but neglected field of her mind, and sowed the seeds which have since sprung up into so rich a harvest of fame and wealth. He taught her as old Bows taught "the Fotheringay." Word by word, sentence by sentence, intonation by intonation, he taught her the rôles of Hermione, Iphigénie, and Marie Stuart.

There was a perpetual struggle between master and pupil. He saw that the bent of her genius was wholly tragic, while she, with strange perversity, insisted upon playing in comic parts. To the last, although all her great triumphs had been won in tragedy, she was never so well satisfied as when playing in comedy, in which she never attained any marked success.

One day, a girl of some fifteen years made her appearance in the office of Monsieur Védel, the treasurer of the Théâtre Français, and begged him to come that evening to the Salle Molière, where an exhibition was to be given by the pupils of Saint-Aulaire, upon which occasion she was to make her *début*.

"What parts do you play, my child?" inquired Védel.

"The soubrette in the *Philosophe Marié*."

"Is that all?"

"No, Monsieur, I shall commence in the part of 'Hermione'; but I am not good in that; do you come only for the second piece."

Védel had noticed the expressive features and strong voice of the young débutante, and notwithstanding her request to the contrary, determined to see her in the tragedy.

He went early to the Salle Molière. Having heard the first act of *Andromaque*, he sprang up, rushed from the hall, called a cabriolet, dashed over the pavement to the Rue Richelieu, and laying violent hands upon Jouslin, the director of the Comédie Française, dragged him off to the Salle Molière.

"Do you see that little Jewess? She's a prodigy," said he, pointing to the stage.

The third act of *Andromaque* had commenced. Jouslin burst out into exclamations of wonder. He had never heard the verse of the great poet pronounced with such grandeur. But when the "Hermione" of the tragedy appeared upon the stage as the soubrette in the *Philosophe Marié*, he leaped up in a rage, ran behind the scenes, and accosted Saint-Aulaire.

"Ah, what a fool you are!"

"How so?" asked the professor.

"You're spoiling that child by letting her play that stupid rôle."

"Certainly; I know that. But what's to be done? It's not so easy to make her obey; she's as obstinate as a Spanish mule."

"Eh! *corbleu*!" replied the director, "tell Madame Félix to box her ears for her. She's not too old for that."

Then laughing at his own wrath, he requested the professor to bring the child to him as soon as she was at liberty. Eliza soon made her appearance.

"Mademoiselle," said Jouslin, "would you like to enter the Conservatoire?"

"Oh, Monsieur!" she replied, "that is the great desire of my heart."

"You shall do so; and, besides, I'll try and get you an 'aid' of six hundred francs. But if you are ever in future so unlucky as to play the rôle of a soubrette, you'll have to do with the minister and myself."

This was on the 26th of October, 1836. The next day Eliza was admitted as a pupil in the Conservatoire, and placed under the instruction of Michelet. Unluckily for her, Jouslin was soon after dismissed from the directorship of the Comédie Française, and Védel, who succeeded him, was soon plunged into so many quarrels with the company that he quite forgot the aid promised to the poor child. Her family was as poor as ever, and two more daughters and a son had meanwhile been added to their number. Her talents must be turned to some account, and she played at some of the minor theatres.

It happened that Monsieur Poirson, the director of the Gymnase, was one evening present at a representation at the Chantier, and saw our young tragedienne in the rôle of "Eriphile." For some time the rose-water vaudevilles of Scribe had failed to attract the public, and the director of the Gymnase was looking about for some new attraction. He thought he had discovered it in the "Eriphile" of the Salle Chantier, and sent for her to his cabinet. She came, accompanied by her father.

"How much salary do you want, mademoiselle?" asked Poirson.

Her father answered for her, in his guttural Jewish-French.

"*Nous falons teuz mille vranes, comme un liard*—Ve're vort two thousand vranes, so good as von penny."

"You are worth more than that," replied the conscientious director. "I'll give you three thousand, with an annual augmentation of a third more if your daughter succeeds at my theatre."

"*Dres bien! Che signe dout te suite!* Very good! I sign right away," exclaimed the father, enchanted with his good fortune.

"And now," continued Poirson, "we must see under what name Mademoiselle shall appear on the bills. I won't have that of Eliza, at any rate."

"Do you like my other name, Rachel, any better?" asked the girl. "Monsieur Choron made me lay that aside when I was his pupil."

"How stupid! My cook's name is Eliza. Rachel—that's lucky! Keep that name and never give it up."

A new piece, fitted to display the talents of the débutante, was forthwith bespoke by the Gymnase. In three weeks the *Vendéenne* of Paul Duport was written and put in rehearsal. All the clap-traps of the press were employed to draw an audience to the first representation. The house was full, but the new piece was coldly received. Whether the fault was in the piece, the public, or herself, poor Rachel had not a shadow of success. Poirson was disheartened, and removed the play from the bills. Rachel was pronounced "a drag," and only the most trifling parts were henceforth assigned to her. In theatrical phrase, she was "planted."

She went to the Comédie Française, and desired to speak with Védel. He was engaged, and refused to see her. She wrote to him, but received no reply. Michelet, her instructor at the Conservatoire, thought slightly of her talent, and would not aid her. Wearied and disheartened, she presented herself as a suppliant to Provost, *premier comique* at the Théâtre Français. He surveyed her from head to foot for a moment, and then solemnly pronounced sentence.

"You're not tall enough for the stage, my dear. You should go and sell flowers on the Boulevards."

Rachel had her revenge upon the comedian a while after. One evening she had achieved a grand success at the Théâtre Français. It rained bouquets till the stage was like a flower garden. Gathering ten or a dozen of them in her robe, she offered them to Provost with a mocking courtesy.

"Will you buy my flowers, monsieur? You know you advised me to go and sell bouquets."

"Come, come, Little Spiteful," replied the lively comedian, "embrace the false prophet, and don't bear malice."

The anecdotes told of Rachel are rarely of this pleasant character. One, however, belonging to her later years is worthy of record.

When she was about to leave St. Petersburg, where she had made a great sensation, a splendid dinner was given to her. Among the guests were many officers of the Russian army, who were, or affected to be, in high spirits at the impending hostilities. The sword would cut the Gordian knot which diplomacy had failed to untie. The forces of the Czar would again march upon Paris.

"*Au revoir, mademoiselle*," said they to Rachel, "we shall be in Paris again before long, to applaud you, and drink your health in the good wines of France."

"Messieurs," replied Rachel, "France is not rich enough to give champagne to her prisoners of war."

But these anecdotes belong to later years. In 1836 the

forlorn little Jewess could have had little heart for lively *mots* and *repartees*. Repulsed and abandoned by all, she betook herself, as a last resort, to Samson, celebrated at once as an author, an actor, and a man of taste. He listened to Rachel, at first with compassion, then with admiration.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, after having heard her magnificent declamation, "if I only had your voice, what miracles I could perform."

"Then," said Rachel, "breathe your genius into my voice. Be my master."

Samson consented, and from that time undertook the direction of her studies. Hard experience had taught her to be more docile than she had been with Saint-Aulaire. She resolutely abandoned, for the time being, all thoughts of comic parts, and studied only great tragic parts. She gave herself up unreservedly to the direction of her instructor. It was indeed a marvellous voice into which Samson now breathed the inspiration of his genius. It was an instrument of boundless capacities, never failing to answer to the hand of the master who played upon it. Every modulation, every tone, of which he could only conceive, as the deaf old Beethoven conceived of his immortal harmonies, was produced clear, full, round, and un-failing, by his pupil. He had fulfilled her request—his genius spoke through her lips. She was the echo, not of what he said, but of what he thought. What he conceived she executed, with an amplitude and magnificence that surpassed even his conceptions.

It would be unjust to imply that Rachel became a mere automaton, like the first love of Mr. Arthur Pendennis; but the keen Parisian critics discovered, or affected to discover, in all her great parts, indications of the training of her master. They said that she never fully comprehended the purport of her author until it was explained to her by Samson; that he had to regulate her postures, her intonations, her movements, her gestures. Hence, every representation of a character was the facsimile of every other. Not a note was varied, not a posture was changed, not a gesture altered. The burst of fiery passion, the infinite wail of despair, the hiss of scorn and hate, had all been given in precisely the same manner time and time again, and always precisely as they were taught her by Samson.

Védel by-and-by gained a brief respite from his quarrels, and had leisure to remember his "prodigy" of the Salle Molière. He profited by the occasion to procure the release of Rachel from her engagement at the Gymnase, and attached her to the Théâtre Français, with a salary of four thousand francs for the first year. The bills soon after announced that Mademoiselle Rachel would appear as "Camille," in *Horace*.

It was in the heart of summer. Paris was scorched by an almost tropical heat. Everybody had gone into the country. By everybody, we must, of course, understand the world of fashion, literature, and art. But there were two or three exceptions to this universal *hégira*. One of these exceptions was the famous Doctor Véron, of the *Constitutionnel*, the maker of every reputation—if we may trust his own account—that has been achieved in France for the last score of years. This literary and artistic Warwick chanced to have remained in Paris. We must allow him to tell, in his own way, the story of what resulted from this.

"On a beautiful summer evening, the 12th of June, 1838," says the Doctor, in his gossiping *Memoirs*, "about 8 or 9 o'clock, I went to the Théâtre Français, in search of shade and solitude. In the orchestra there were four spectators, all told; I made the fifth. My regard was drawn toward the stage by a strange physiognomy, full of expression, with a prominent forehead, black eyes, hidden in their orbits, and full of fire. This rested upon a body slender indeed, but with a kind of grace in posture, movement, and attitude. A voice, clear, sympathetic, and, above all, replete with intelligence, secured my attention, wearied as I was, and inclined to negligence rather than admiration. That strange physiognomy, that fiery eye, that slender body, that intelligent voice, was Mademoiselle Rachel. She was making her first appearance as 'Camille.'"

The vivid and profound impression at once made upon me by the young tragédienne awoke some confused recollections. By dint of questioning my memory, I recalled a singular physiognomy playing the *Vendéenne* at the Gymnase. Then again I remembered a young girl poorly clad, and with great shoes on her feet, whom I had seen in the corridor of some place of amusement or other. Somebody asked her what she was doing there? and, to my great astonishment, she replied in a counter-tenor voice, and with perfect seriousness, 'I am pursuing my studies.' In Mademoiselle Rachel I recognized that regular physiognomy of the Gymnase, and that poorly-clad young girl who was pursuing her studies.

"Alas for those," moralizes the Doctor, "who, in regard to the arts, knew not how either to admire or abhor. Pictures, statues, monuments, singers, comedians, tragedians—male or female—for my own part I either abhor or admire them. The young Rachel had amazed me; her genius enraptured me. I could not do other than hurry off and lay hands upon my friend Merle, my associate in literary tastes and avocations, and compel him also to witness the *début* of her whom I already denominated 'my little prodigy.' 'That child,' said I, 'when the three or four hundred clever souls who create public opinion in Paris have heard her, and have passed judgment upon her, will be the glory and the fortune of the Comédie Française.'"

So said the prophetic Doctor Véron, almost a score of years ago; or rather so he now says that he said. But

the Doctor was not the only notability who happened to have remained in Paris on that eventful 12th of June. Merle, as we have seen, was there; and so was a greater than Merle. Jules Janin, the prince of critics—who could have thought it possible?—had not gone to Dieppe; and, by a wonderful chance, he too happened to be in the theatre. Truly says Schiller, "The Gods never come singly."

While the enraptured doctor was feasting his eyes upon his youthful prodigy, some one whispered to him that the great Jules Janin was in the green-room up stairs, stretched out at full length upon a sofa. He, too, had come to the theatre, probably in search of shade and solitude; but had not, like Véron, sought them in front of the footlights.

"Oh, Jove!" exclaimed the Doctor, darting up the stairs four steps at a stride, and dashing like a hurricane upon the lazy critic.

"Miserable man!" he gasped, "you are not in the salle."

"No; I detest the Russian steam baths."

"But don't you know what has happened?"

"Well, what has happened?"

"Duchess and Raucourt have come to life again."

"What have they done that for?"

"No blasphemy! Follow me!"

"Whither?"

"Into one of the boxes."

"Miséricorde! And the heat?"

"No heat should be enough to keep you away!"

So saying the intrepid Doctor seized the great critic by the collar, dragged him off by main force, and planted him in a box, saying, as he pointed to the stage—

"Strike, but hear me!"

Jules heard, not the Doctor, but Rachel, and pardoned the violence that had been committed. Forthwith he published a critique upon Rachel in the *Débats*; the *Constitutionnel* was not silent; and thus, there, and then—unless Doctor Véron greatly over-estimates his own share in the matter—the fame and fortune of the tragédienne were secured. Only imagine what would have been the consequence had Véron not been impressed with the original idea of seeking shade and solitude in the theatre; or suppose Merle had chanced to have gone to Trouville, and Janin to Dieppe—as the chances were a hundred to one would have been the case. "What would have become of Rachel?" We may fancy that we hear the doctor say, "Why, the two or three men who direct the four or five hundred clever souls who create public opinion in Paris would not have praised Rachel; the four or five hundred would not have heard her and have passed favorable judgment upon her; and the poor Jewess would have been pronounced 'a drag' at the Comédie Française, as she had been at the Gymnase!"

What a self-sufficient race the critics are. They perch themselves upon public opinion with an air as complacent as that of the fly upon the locomotive, who imagines that the train cannot move without him.

Be the cause what it may, Rachel had no more failures. The critics, great and small, of course took all the credit to themselves. Rachel went to thank Jules Janin for his laudatory critiques; but she could not refrain from adding that she was now, in her triumph, the same that she had been when she failed, a year before, at the Gymnase. "I know that," responded the critic, with a laugh, implying that it was the presence or absence of his favorable notice, and not the merit of the actress, that made all the difference between failure and success.

Rachel had now an opportunity of appearing in the characters of the classic tragedy which she had studied so long. Besides "Camille," she played, within a few months, "Emilie" in *Cinna*, "Hermione" in *Andromaque*, "Eriphile" in *Iphigénie en Aulide*—the part in which she had attracted the admiration of Poirson at the Salle Chantierne—and "Monime" in *Mithridate*. In all these she had met with unbounded success. The theatre was crowded nightly; no Doctor Véron would now seek for solitude in front of the footlights. In a single month she added a hundred thousand francs to the receipts of the treasury. The old members of the company grew jealous of the new favorite. Though they were temporary gainers by her success, they feared for the future. They complained that at the Comédie Française comedy was crushed out by tragedy, and every permanent interest sacrificed to a mere temporary whim on the part of the public. Rachel would soon become aware how indispensable she was, and there would be no end to her exactions. "She enriches us now, only to ruin us hereafter."

For one reason or another, the critics took part with the company. The favorite had not borne her honours meekly, and a dead set was made against her. Jules Janin "repented that he had created Rachel," as he profanely phrased it, and resolved to destroy her.

An occasion for attack soon presented itself. It was given out that Rachel was about to add another part to her rôle. This was "Roxane" in *Bajazet*, which play was announced for November 23. This occasion was fixed upon for the grand attack. The small critics followed in the wake of the great ones. Rachel was prejudged. Hostilities commenced before the curtain rose.

"You'll see a fine tumble," said one.—"Make her play 'Roxane'! what an absurdity."—"That Védel hasn't a particle of brains!"—"She'll be detestable!"—"Atrocious, you should rather say!"—"She'll be hissed down!"—"We'll hiss her down!" Such were the prefatory remarks that passed from one conspirator to another.

Rachel appeared. She was coldly received. The applause to which she was accustomed, and which had

cheered her on, was wanting. One whispered, another smiled, all seemed eager to annoy the poor child. The prophecy of failure almost worked out its own fulfilment. She was disconcerted, and failed to do full justice to herself.

"Ah, pardieu! you've made a pretty piece of business," cried Janin, triumphantly, to Védel, whom he perceived at a distance. "Carpentras, my dear fellow, Carpentras!"

The next day Rachel, all in tears, went to the great critic, and endeavoured to appease him. It was all in vain.

"You won't listen to anything. You will have your own way," he said. "You were miserable, and miserable you always will be in 'Roxane'."

But the critics did not have it all their own way. *Bajazet* was announced for repetition. Rachel knew, this time, what she had to expect. The second representation was a complete triumph. At the third, the doors of the theatre were almost taken by storm; after that there could be no doubt of success, and the enemy gave up the contest. It was a hard fight, but Rachel came out conqueror.

The romance of Rachel's life may be said to conclude here; for she had made a reputation which could never be taken from her, and, in spite of some appearances which for such an actress were failures, her career became, on the whole, one of continuous success. Should the reader wish to peruse a detailed catalogue of her achievements, her attempts, her triumphs, and her occasional defeats, he will find them succinctly set forth, with the criticisms of her contemporaries, in *Les Reines de la Rampe*, recently published in Paris; but we can as little afford to occupy space with these somewhat dry details as could the compilers of that volume with the romantic episodes in Rachel's career, which they dismiss in some four or five meagre pages.

By assiduous labour Rachel gradually built up a fortune. She was determined that she and hers should never want, and underwent enormous fatigues in making a solid provision for the future. We may adduce, as an example, her tour through the French provinces and the Channel Isles in 1849, in the course of which she gave, within ninety-four days, seventy-four representations at thirty-five different places. What constitution could have supported such fatigue? Already she received serious warnings from nature, and would awake of a morning with her lips convulsively agitated, the palms of her hands moist, and her eyes swimming. But in spite of this she pursued her task without relaxation: and when she returned from her Russian campaign, in 1853, bringing back £16,000 as the profit of her expedition, she forgot the cost at which she had purchased this fortune.

In 1855 she started for America, with considerable reluctance, but urged by the prospect of securing more wealth for her family. "I may leave my bones there," she said; "but what would you? I go there for my family."

It will no doubt be interesting to the reader to behold a portrait of Rachel from an Anglo-Saxon point of view: we therefore make no excuse for reprinting the following American critique upon the French actress:—

"As we write, she has appeared in four characters, which touch the extreme limits of her range of personations. That she achieved a triumphant success, in spite of obstacles which would seem insuperable, it is now too late to say, otherwise than as recording a known and recognized fact.

"All strong emotion naturally tends to express itself in a rhythmic form. Our English blank verse is hence an appropriate vehicle for tragedy. Our perception of fitness is not shocked at the measured flow of the speech of Hamlet, Othello, or Lady Macbeth. Had their words arranged themselves in a simple prosaic form, we should instinctively feel that something was wanting. The rhythmic tendency of deep passion or emotion is more universal than we are apt to suppose. In the impassioned scenes of our great novelists, the collocation of words and the flow of sentences is far more nearly allied to the blank verse of Shakespeare than to the prose of Swift or Cobbett.

"In the French classic tragedy, this is carried to an unnatural excess. It might not appear incongruous that one should recite the passion of another in rhymed Alexandrines. But we can never avoid the sense of incongruity when we see two personages burning with rage, glowing with love, or tortured by remorse, spouting at each other in formal couplets, each of which is the exact pattern of all the others; the one dutifully completing the verse which the other has left unfinished at the close of his speech, even to the capping of the rhyme—all this, too, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion.

"No English actor, we venture to affirm, could hope to achieve fame in the rhyming tragedies of Nat Lee or Dryden; yet it is by her large utterance of the long-drawn Alexandrines of Corneille and Racine that Rachel has produced a more profound sensation than actress ever produced before. Were there a French Shakespeare, or an English Rachel, what would the world not have seen?

"We were first to see Rachel in 'Camille,' the part in which her earliest great triumph was won. With exemplary fortitude, though not without yawning, the audience 'assisted' at the long opening comedy. For a while those who knew no French found some interest in scanning the three sisters of Rachel. That buxom, roused, voluptuous-looking woman of forty was Sarah, who with the little Rachel had once paced wearily through the streets of Lyons and Paris. But there was in her nothing that met their anticipations of the great tragédienne;

and as little in the aspect of the clever 'Lia' or the brisk little 'Dinah.' The acting was certainly clever, but it was endured rather than enjoyed, even by those who understood the piece.

"The curtain at length rose upon Horace. 'Sabine' and 'Julie,' in blue and saffron tunics, discoursed through a long scene of the affairs of Rome and Alba. The books of the play told those who did not otherwise know it, when the scene drew to a close. A hush of anticipation crept over the auditory, for in another moment Rachel would enter. Vague, half-told rumours of a haughtiness overtopping that of Semiramis, of a prodigality deeper than that of Messalina, had been coupled with her name. It had been said that within her burned fires as unholly as those that consumed her own 'Phœdra'; that the debauched old French drama afforded no characters wicked enough to give scope to her powers, and that new ones of surpassing enormity had to be invented for her; and it was darkly whispered that she had but to look within her heart and act; that the death-scene in *Adrienne* was studied by the bed-sides of the dying in the hospital, as Parrhasius painted his picture from a crucified slave. No one fully believed any of these tales; but these half-beliefs entered largely into the popular idea of Rachel. Men looked to see in her at least the original of the tremendous 'Vashti' of Currer Bell—a creature of evil forces, with HELL graven on her haughty brow.

"Every event eagerly anticipated, when it finally comes, seems a surprise. Before any one was fully aware, a figure draped in white, every fold falling with sculpture-like grace, stood almost in the centre of the stage. It filled the scene. The eye rested upon nothing else but Rachel. Where was the demon of the imagination? Where the possessed torn by seven devils? Not surely in that slender form; not in the lines of that strangely beautiful face; not in those flexible lips; not in those haunting supernatural eyes; not in those movements, the embodiment of all that is graceful and noble; not in the tones of that voice, burdened and thrilling with unutterable emotion. The revulsion was complete. Long before that woeful 'Hélas!' which closes her first brief speech, had been uttered, the triumph of Rachel was assured.

"As the agony of the play evolved, she bore all in triumph with her. The gleam of hope excited by the remembrance of the oracular response,

'To Curatius shalt thou be conjoined,  
And ne'er be severed by ill fate.'

died away from her face, and all was involved in deeper gloom. She stood the representative of the Roman woman, only regarded as the mother of the children of the state. The lying intent of the oracle becomes apparent; brother and lover go forth to mortal combat. When tidings are brought that her brothers are slain, and that her lover survives, the pathos of her exclamation, 'O mes frères!' inspired every heart with a new sense of the capacities of the human voice to paint emotion. The triumph of representation was achieved in the closing scenes, when, crushed and overwhelmed by the loss of her lover, she totters to the chair. Every nerve and sinew is racked to its utmost tension. Torture, agony, despair, writhe in every gesture. The unyielding Alexandrines of the poet are melted down in the fiery furnace of her woe, and seem to become, as they are gasped forth from her lips, the only fitting form in which her emotion could be uttered. The closing imprecation against Rome bursts out as free and reckless in its sweep as the wonderful curse upon Venice in *Marino Faliero*.

"We can conceive no greater power of impersonation than that of Rachel in 'Camille.' Every motion, every gesture, every posture, every tone, has been studied till it is reproduced with absolute perfection. Could she be frozen into marble at any moment, she would be a more perfect statue than sculptor ever chiselled. If she represents herself in each representation, it is because she has attained absolute perfection, and any change would be for the worse. Yet in all this, we are gravely told, she is but a puppet moved by the genius of another. If it were so, it would be the greatest psychological wonder the world has ever beheld."

Nevertheless, Rachel is declared by her own countrymen to have reaped neither fame nor profit from this expedition, her only real success having been the *Marseillaise*, which people came to hear, and retired immediately after, leaving the poetry of Corneille and Racine to be delivered to empty benches.

Sad, exhausted (we quote *Les Reines de la Rampe*), the tragedienne quitted this inhospitable land: the germ of her malady was already developed, and she sought vainly the re-establishment of her health from the sun of Egypt.

Her medical advisers recommended residence in the south of France, whither she came, and accepted the hospitality of M. Sardon, at the village of Cannes, in a valley planted with orange and citron trees, which opened upon the Mediterranean. She arrived there on the 15th of September, 1857, and died on the third of January following, in the Jewish faith, despite the rumours of her abjuration; but her two sons, by her wish, have been educated as Christians. Her body was removed to Paris, and interred there, amid a great concourse of dramatic, artistic, and literary mourners.

WESLEY said that "ten thousand cares were no more weight to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head." Was it he or Whitfield who, on being asked whether a man was answerable for bad thoughts, replied, "I cannot help the birds flying over my head, but I can prevent their making nests in my hair."

## SPECTRES IN POETRY AND FICTION.

## I.—INTRODUCTION.—BIBLICAL APPARITIONS.

I HAVE a great liking for the ghostly—I mean in fiction. I never saw a ghost except under the conditions in which my own is at present clothed, lodged, and invested, when I have no great objection to them, especially if they appear in the shape of pretty girls and good fellows. Possibly, if I were to encounter a real *bonâ fide* disembodied ghost, he, she, or it (ghosts, I presume, are of both sexes, and occasionally of none, though I never read of a spectral eunuch) might cure me of all curiosity on the subject of ghostly habits and peculiarities. But the only attempt which I made to acquire practical information about them, by visiting a spiritual medium, proving a dismal failure, I am yet in doubt how I should be affected by ghostly society—whether it would prove congenial or otherwise. Probably I shall continue to be so for a good while. Any ghost who considers this disrespectful, and is desirous of a personal explanation, will find my address at the office of the *Musical Monthly*.

That doesn't prevent me from being fond of the ghostly in fiction, as I set out with remarking. In fact, I read all the ghost stories that come in my way. And lately there appears to have been a prevailing taste among literary gentlemen for gratifying me, by writing them. *Blackwood* presented one full of power and intensity, though I think inartistically crowded with conceptions, as well as open to other critical objections. *Once a Week* had recently a supernatural story on the same splendidly imaginative theme; and *All The Year Round* has trotted out "a Physician's Ghost" more than once. Evidently spectral stock is looking up in the literary market. As they say in America of cotton, ghosts "is ris" (peculiarly). Hence, I am going to gossip at length on the subject.

Most folks like ghost stories. I pity the few—if there be any so foolishly wise—who don't, and never expect to lose my inclination for such (stories, not persons). They address the imaginative and speculative side of us, the spiritual half of our nature. How can we help being interested by that which pretends to offer some sort of information as to our future conditions of existence—some peep-hole into that strange shadow-land into which we are all journeying, into which so many have preceded us? How resist a desire to indulge in temporary credulity? A ghost story stirs up all sorts of fancies in the brains of imaginative persons; sets them asking questions for the thousandth time which they never expect to be able to answer, which probably a thousand years hence will be as near solution as now. One may be well convinced of this, yet unable to resist the fascination of dwelling on them.

What constitutes a good ghost story? Leigh Hunt can tell you better than I. I quote his definition, written forty years ago. And here let me say I am going to avail myself of both poets and story-tellers throughout this chapter—or, rather, these chapters, for the subject will readily expand itself beyond the limits of one section, and I respect my ghosts too much not to allow them plenty of elbow-room. Readers familiar with the stories I shall tell and comment upon will not quarrel with me, I am sure; those unfamiliar may be obliged to me. I remember very well in my early reading days how annoying it was to meet some half-told story, the author impudently taking it for granted that I must know all about it. If I fall into error, I would rather risk one of the opposite nature.

Listen to Leigh Hunt:—

"A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite as much as possible objects such as they are in life with a preternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one—at least, to add to the other utility of excitement a moral utility—it should apply some great sentiment, something that comes out of the next world to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us."

A splendid and very complete definition; yet I have read stories in which the merely strange, the appalling, even the horrible, has been so artistically used as to produce extraordinary, if not perfect effect. Now, observe how Leigh Hunt's words apply to perhaps the grandest and most fearful description of a spectre on record:—

"Now a Thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up.

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying:

"SHALL MORTAL MAN BE MORE JUST THAN GOD? SHALL A MAN BE MORE PURE THAN HIS MAKER?"

Here the apparition is introduced in strict accordance with the spirit of the epic poem it illustrates, pronouncing, indeed, the very moral inculcated throughout the book—the nothingness of man and the omnipotence of his Creator. Viewing it from the poetical standpoint (which we surely have a right to do), no message of lesser importance could justify the employment of so awful a messenger. Never introduce a god unless to do a god's work, advises a Roman poet; and the greater Hebrew or Chaldean, who, in some primeval age, wrote that wondrous

Book of Job (I have heard that the Swedenborgians consider it the only portion preserved of an antediluvian Bible), is as grandly appropriate in his employment of the supernatural as he is in the conduct of the whole sublime drama.

In all poetry there is no more appalling introduction of the supernatural than this vision of Eliphaz. I cannot but think that the grave-measured English of our vulgate must do it something like justice in translation. Let us look into it. The felicitous employment of the word "thing" and "secretly" in the first verse quoted; the solemn, sonorous music of the second, which its bit of involuntary rhythm seems to intensify to the extremest degree, the rhymed words sounding, to my thinking, like two strokes on a deep-toned midnight bell; the overpowering terror depicted with Homeric terseness and daring—terror which affects the physical frame of the beholder to its foundation; the simple, effective announcement of the awful Presence—its more awful vagueness; the pause and then the message—all this is poetry of the highest order. Thinking of it, and of equally fine passages in the Old Testament, I cannot wonder that Milton ranked the poetry of the Bible higher than that of Greece or Rome. When Voltaire, ridiculing Solomon's Anacronisms, sneeringly observed that "a Jew wasn't expected to write like Virgil," (1) did he ever think of the sublimity of the Book of Job or Isaiah?

Much as the Hebrew writings, and especially the prophecies, abound in visions, there is, if I recollect rightly, but one other positive apparition spoken of in the Old Testament—that of Samuel, raised by the Witch of Endor. Told with true biblical vigour and simplicity, it is, however, nowise so awful a spectre as that seen by Eliphaz.

"And he said unto her, 'What form is he of?' And she said 'An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.' And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground."

The words italicized render the passage very effective. Yet I confess I am rather interested in it from its having, in connection with an illustration in "old Stackhouse's Bible" (which illustration I am pretty sure I have seen), formed one of the "night-fears" of Charles Lamb. "Oh! that old man covered with a mantle!" writes Elia. "It was he (Stackhouse) who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sat upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow when my aunt or maid was far from me." I believe many children of thoughtful or nervous temperament have suffered under similar terrors, especially if brought up "seriously" as it is called. I recollect experiencing a shuddering fascination for a certain picture in our family Bible. It was in the book of Job, and represented the patient man of Uz reclining with really superfluous composure, not to say complacency, in the clutches of five or six muscular Michael-Angelesque-looking devils; the text it need not be said, affording no grounds whatever for such portraiture. Notwithstanding my dread of the picture, I used to think that the devils must have been greatly aggravated by Job's taking their attentions so very calmly.

But to return to our apparitions—

On second thoughts, however, we will break off here. I propose an irruption into the ghost-land of classic fiction (passing over the supernatural in the Testament for obvious reasons), and introducing the spectres of Homer and Virgil towards the tail of a chapter would not be treating them with proper respect.

## II.—GHOST-LAND IN HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Let us emulate the example of that voracious traveller, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, in the island of Glubbdubdrib, by calling up the ghosts of antiquity. Not with an object akin to that of Swift's terrible satire, the degradation of humanity, but for the purpose of enjoying what the poets have said about them.

Homer, of course, claims our first attention. The grand old poet who, like Dante, has left a complete picture of his idea of creation,

"From heaven, through all the world, to hell,"

(as Goethe conducted his "Faust"), deals largely in the supernatural and ghostly. The mythology, though coming under the former head, lies outside of the scope of my subject. The ghostly I proceed to pay my respects to.

There is but one spectre proper in the *Iliad*, that of Patroclus, which, in the commencement of book 23, appears to Achilles. The hero, after his furious assault on Troy, resulting in the death of Hector, has, still gloomy with rage and hate, retired to the sea-shore, and, fasting and blood-stained, fallen asleep. Let old Chapman tell the rest; he renders this passage much more minutely than Pope:

"Then of his wretched friend  
The soul appear'd: at every point the form did comprehend  
His likeness; his fair eyes, his voice, his stature, every weed  
His person wore it fantasied; and stood above his head,  
This sad speech uttering—"

The apparition demands burial for its body, as until then it is compelled to wander to and fro, finding no resting-place, and being unable to gain admission to Hades. It also predicts Achilles' coming fate. By the above description, observe how little popular ideas of apparitions have varied for over two thousand years. Homer's words, translated into the commonplace English of newspaper paragraphing, might be used to-morrow in some authentic account of a ghost's appearance.

The eleventh book of the *Odyssey*—a splendidly imaginative one—is crowded with ghosts—lies, indeed, entirely in their domain. Under Chapman's guidance we will venture to enter it. I shall run over the story as con-

cisely as possible, doing, however, full justice to the romantic and poetical passages by quotation.

Ulysses, then, whom I have always considered synonymous with Sindbad the Sailor (the adventures in the cave of Polypheme are closely paralleled by those of Sindbad and his companions in his third voyage, where they put out the one eye of the cannibal-monster with red-hot spits)—Ulysses, then, by the counsel of the enchantress Circe, resolves to visit Tartarus, there to consult the spirit of Tiresias as to his future fortunes. The goddess gives him advice and directions. He is to take no guide, nor trouble himself with steering his vessel; the Spirit of the North\* shall waft him beyond the utmost bounds of ocean to "a little shore," where he will find a consecrated wood of "tall firs and shallows." There he is to

"Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone  
To Pluto's dark house, where to Acheron  
Cocytus runs and Phryphlegethon,  
Cocytus born of Styx; and where a rock  
Of both the met floods bears the sounding shock."

there to dig a trench "a cubit round" and perform solemn sacrifice to and invocation of the *manes* of the dead. Forthwith he embarks. The description of the voyage is fine and sombre, befitting such an expedition. The first lines read like a passage in Dante:

"All day our sails stood to the wind, and made  
Our voyage prosperous. SUN THEN SET, AND SHADE  
ALL WAYS OBSCURING, on the bounds we fell  
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell  
Where a perpetual cloud obscures outright,  
To whom the cheerful sun never sends light,  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven,  
Nor when he stoops earth and sets up the even,  
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,<†  
Above those most unblest Cimmerians."

Arrived at the fatal shore, the trench is dug, and the sacrifice offered. It consists of honey mixed with wine, sweet wine, water, flour, prayer, and sheep. As the blood of the slaughtered animals pours into the trench, the ghosts begin to rise out of the infernal flood, and to throng about Ulysses:

"There cluster'd then  
Youths and their wives, much-suffering aged men,  
Soft, tender virgins, that but new came there  
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.  
There men at arms with armours all embred,  
Wounded with lances, and with falcions hew'd,  
In numbers up and down the ditch did stalk,  
And threw unmeasured cries about their walk,  
So horrid that a bloodless fear surprised  
My daunted spirits."

The apparitions are all attracted by the blood, and only withheld from quaffing it by the hero's drawn sword. The first spirit he recognizes is that of a youth of his own crew, who has broken his neck, when drunk, at Circe's island. Like the ghost of Patroclus, before mentioned, it craves the rites of sepulture. The apparition of his mother next accosts him; though affected at her appearance, he yet refuses to allay her thirst for the sanguineous stream, until the shade of Tiresias has partaken of it. Subsequently trying to embrace her, and failing, he is informed that Proserpine,

"Our most equal queen,  
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,  
Nor suffer empty shades again to invade  
Flesh, bone, and nerves; nor will defraud the fire  
Of his last dues, that soon as spirits expire,  
And leave the white bone, are his native right,  
When like a dream the soul assumes her flight."

One by one the spirits are allowed to taste the blood, and become communicative. The ghosts of demigods and heroes, of Ulysses' ancestors, of his old companions in arms, appear and address him, some with prophecy, some with information. Achilles and Patroclus are seen together, as in life; and the former, in response to Ulysses' eulogizing his fame and glory, responds by declaring that he would rather be a living peasant—the drudge of a peasant—than a mighty chief in a world of shadows—saying which, with his friend he walks sadly off to the fields of asphodel. When Ajax Telamon appears—he who committed self-murder because the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses rather than to himself—the "much-enduring" voyager addresses him eagerly and apologetically. Ajax answers not a word, but, resentful after death, stalks away gloomily.

Forcing his way, sword in hand, through "the press of shadows," Ulysses subsequently witnesses the tortures of Tartarus, retreating only when the sounds, the sights, the "throng of clustering ghosts" become so terrifying as to appal him with a fear that the Gorgon's head might rise and petrify him to stone. Thus ends this highly poetic book of the *Odyssey*.

In the 24th—the last—we get another glimpse of the ghostly of a similar character. The souls of Penelope's wooers, despatched by Ulysses and Telemachus, are conveyed by Mercury to Hades. Here are a couple of fine mystic verses from a ballad-metre translation of Magnin: I introduce them by way of contrast to Chapman:—

"The ghosts by Lenca's rock had gone  
Over the ocean streams;  
And they had pass'd on through the gate of the sun,  
And the slumberous land of dreams;  
And onward thence to the verdant mead,  
Flowering with asphodel,  
Their course was led, where the tribes of the dead,  
The shadows of mankind, dwell."

\* This idea of locating hell in the north, came down from the classic to the mediæval ages. Chaucer's *Reeve*, in the *Friar's Tale*, on being asked by the rascally Summoner where he lives, replies:

"Far in the north countree,  
Where I hope some time I shall see thee."

† *Ill, evil, mischance*; in allusion to the baneful character of the region.

Arrived, they join the heroic shades introduced in the former book, and are present at a conversation between the spirits of Achilles and Agamemnon, in which the former laments the cruel fate which took off so renowned a chieftain as the King of Men, while Agamemnon, in reply, contrasts his own treacherous and unhonoured death with the gallant fall of Achilles in the field, and relates the unexampled funeral honours paid to his remains.

Evidently the pagan of Homer's day regarded the spirit-land, even the Elysian side of it, as a shadowy unreal state of existence, nowise comparable to flesh and blood life. We see it through the golden mediums of romance and poetry, omitting the materialism and terror of it. At best, Homer's gods were but Epicureans,

"Lying beside their nectar, careless of mankind."

How exquisitely has this been discriminated in the last verse of Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters," to which I here refer my readers.

From Homer to Virgil is a descent, but a natural one. The Roman poet introduces the apparition of the dead Hector finely in the second book of the *Æneid*. It is the night of the sack of Troy, and Æneas the narrator. I quote Dryden's version, from memory, mentioning this in case of error:

"'Twas now the dead of night, when sleep repairs  
Our bodies worn with toil, our minds with cares:  
Great Hector's ghost before my sight appears;  
Shrouded in blood he stood, and bathed in tears,  
Such as when, by the fierce Pelides slain,  
Theæsalian coursers dragged him o'er the plain.  
Swollen were his feet, as when the throngs were thrust  
Through the bored holes; his body black with dust;  
His hair and beard were clotted, stiff with gore:  
The ghastly wounds he for his country bore  
Now stream'd afresh. . . .  
I wept to see the visionary man;  
And, while my trance continued, thus began:—"

Very appropriate, too, is the warning delivered by the apparition, followed by the "horrid din of arms" and the raging conflagration which proclaims the fall of the "heaven-defended" city.

In imitation of Homer, Virgil takes his hero to hell, though by a different and, I think, less imaginative road than the ocean voyage of Ulysses. Æneas is impelled to it by a vision of his father Anchises. After conferring with the Cumæan sybil, and securing the mystic golden bough as a present to Proserpine, he descends to the nether world, accompanied by the priestess. It is entered by a deep cave, fenced by gloomy woods, and the black lake Avernus, over which no bird is enabled to wing its flight, in consequence of its deadly exhalations. Here appropriate sacrifices is offered to the infernal deities. From thence Æneas marches on, sword in hand, following the Sybil, through dreary shades, past many fine, fantastic, and ghastly fancies, to the Tartarean flood, over which they are ferried by Charon, in company with a crowd of ghosts. Landing on the sedge, slimy shore opposite, they encounter the three-headed dog Cerberus, who is quieted by a cake flung to him by the prophetess. Æneas, at the gate of the infernal kingdom, overhears the wailings of newly-dead babes, of persons who have suffered death wrongfully, of suicides, on all of whom Minos passes judgment. Arriving at the Mourning Fields, among other unhappy and memorable shades he recognizes that of Dido, who has killed herself in consequence of his desertion. She will not speak to him. This Virgil did in imitation of Homer's making Ajax disdain to reply to Ulysses, just as he killed Palinurus in emulation of the fate of Elpenor, whose ghost Ulysses recognizes first of all the phantoms seen in Hades. Anon Æneas beholds and confers with the spirits of deceased heroes, surveys the tortures and tortured of the infernal regions, and enters Pluto's palace, where his father's ghost instructs him in the Eleusinian mysteries, and shows him the glorious race of heroes which is to form his posterity. Virgil does not forget, however, as Leigh Hunt remarks, "to insinuate his disbelief in Tartarus" and the popular religion, by dismissing Æneas and the Sybil through the ivory gate—the passage of false visions.

With which wholesome intimation of incredulity I leave him, and this head of my subject.

### III.—GHOSTS OF MODERN FICTION.

FROM Homer and Virgil to Matt Lewis is a considerable descent, yet I am going to make it. Only a volume devoted to the supernatural—a good fat one too—would exhaust it. I should like the task well enough, and if any publisher be desirous of bringing out *Ghosts, Ancient, Medieval, and Modern*, let him send me proposals. Such a book ought to sell, as people like to be frightened. But more than a few sample ghosts would have no right to claim admission in this essay. I don't intend to unfold a shroud once-a-month, or to serve up to my readers a death's-head as a *pîece de resistance*; and this chapter must conclude my foray into the realms of the supernatural.

That word, death's-head, brings me back to my present starting-point—Matt Lewis. He was the *caput mortuum* of fiction fifty years ago—the rawhead-and-bloody-bones of the last generation.

Our fathers and mothers had grown tired of Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, of her gloomy forests, ruined castles, mysterious monks, villainous nobles, secret subterranean passages, ghosts which turn out to be no ghosts, and lamps which always go out just as the heroines are about to peruse the most thrillingly interesting documents, when Lewis's *Monk* appeared. The book, once exceedingly popular, is now only half remembered, its title having stuck to the author as a sobriquet. He was a plump, genial little

fellow in private life, but on paper he revelled in horrors—horrors of the grossest order, two-thirds of which are now forgotten. He dined the public to surfeiting with monks who fall in love with the devil in the shape of a beautiful woman (not an uncommon experience, perhaps); spectral bleeding nuns, who insist on embracing young gentlemen nocturnally; skeleton knights, who come from their graves with worms creeping in and out of their eye-sockets (!) to carry off perjured ladies; little gray men, who feed cannibalistically on human hearts; lovely girls shipwrecked on islands inhabited by devils of free-love principles—with much more of an equally puerile and pork-choppy description. I can only call to mind one really good ghastly fancy of Lewis. It is in *The Monk*, where the beautiful devil-woman, Matilda, raises the arch-enemy of mankind to purchase Anselmo's soul. A great fire is kindled, which burns pyramidically towards the roof of a vault; but the more intensely the fire burns, the more icily cold the atmosphere becomes, until the monk's blood is fairly congealed by it. Out of this frigid flame the Evil One steps. There is something extremely ghastly and appropriate in thus reversing the laws of nature in connection with fire and warmth. But it is an exceptional instance. Lewis's horrors are generally vulgar, and his ghosts ridiculous.

Scott ended all this, as he did an infinite amount of literary rubbish of all sorts, by supplying a thousand times better article. Yet, though the supernatural presented great attractions to him, he did comparatively little in it. Perhaps the public had had enough of it; possibly his shrewd, clear, Scotch sense dominated over his imagination. For though he delights to weave into the web of his brilliant stories the superstitions of the various ages and lands in which they are laid, indeed rarely omits to do so, yet, like Mrs. Radcliffe, he generally explains everything, brings all within the pale of the natural. *The Monastery*, the only great exception, was considered something of a failure at the time of its appearance; its good-natured author modestly apologizes for the introduction of the White Lady of Avenel in the preface to *The Abbot*, which novel he offers as a sequel, hoping it may be more favorably received. In his poetry, however, he allowed himself freer licence. What he could do in prose, when so pleased, may be seen in the little story of the *Tapestried Chamber*. There are few ghosts in fiction more terrible and unearthly than the horrible hag in the sack, who, at midnight, squats upon the soldier's bed and stares him out of countenance. Sir Walter's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, a complete thing of its kind, and containing a fine collection of ghost stories, shows how well "up" he was in the subject.

I pass over other names—some illustrious ones—and come to those of the present day, of whom I shall instance half-a-dozen Ghost-raisers.

*Rookwood*, Ainsworth's first and best novel, contains some good ghostly ballads, but that is all. His horrors are rather melodramatic than imaginative. He has dealt wholesale in them, resuscitated the dead, fixed men spell-bound to the earth, set witches flying through the murky midnight air on broomsticks, made ghosts walk nocturnally round scaffolds; in short, availed himself of most conventional and traditional superstitions, especially those affecting sorcery. But Hawthorne's single sketch of "Goodman Brown," embodying the dark terrible side of New England belief in witchcraft, is worth all that Ainsworth has written.

Bulwer, trying everything in fiction, has attempted the ghostly in *Harold*, in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, in *Zanoni*, it may be in other novels. The last is unquestionably the best. All are highly wrought, but not of the first order of merit, excepting that scene in *Zanoni* where Glyndon encounters the "Dweller on the Threshold." That is splendidly imagined. But Bulwer is always the man of culture rather than of natural endowment and sympathy, and this, odd as the assertion may seem, is quite evident in his incursions into the supernatural.

Marryat, a capital story-teller, has wrought out of the sailor superstition of the "Flying Dutchman" a good ghostly novel. There is one fancy, that of the Phantom Ship passing right through a real vessel, which is marvellously telling. I have not read the book for years, yet I recollect this scene with singular distinctness, always an indication of success on the part of an author. But Marryat had no more right to end the cruise of the spectral Vanderdecken (though it made a good conclusion to his story) than Sue had to kill off the Wandering Jew. The blasphemous Dutch skipper will still be visible to the eye of nautical superstition, in stormy weather, beating about with all his sails set "till the day of Judgment," and the doomed shoe-maker of Jerusalem will still pursue his weary journey for all the novelist's doings.

Ingoldsby's horrors are generally revolting, in spite—perhaps because of—the jocularly indulged in, in setting them forth. Cutting throats, and chopping up bodies à la Greenacre, are not such intrinsically funny transactions that we like to joke over them. But he could do better things, as witness his terrible little prose story, entitled, if I recollect rightly, *Some Passages in the Life of the Rev. Richard Harris*, or some such name. Yet, judged artistically, the moral of the story is bad, as it implies the possibility of an atrociously malignant nature obtaining ascendancy, by supernatural means, over innocent ones, even to the power of inflicting horrible torture and death. Reading it leaves an unpleasant impression; our ideas of justice and humanity are outraged. Ingoldsby's imagination was in excess over his other qualities.

Charlotte Brontë indulges in a notable bit of the supernatural in *Jane Eyre*, when the heroine, almost on the

point of accepting St. John, hears Rochester's voice crying out to her, he being miles and miles away. When this was pointed out to the authoress as a defect in the novel, she replied, in a very low voice, "But it really happened." No doubt she believed it. That morbid Yorkshire life of the three marvellous sisters might have produced worse fancies.

Miss Evans, in *Adam Bede*—a finer, because healthier book than any of Charlotte Brontë's—has given her hero a promission of his father's death at the presumed moment of the old man's drowning. Adam is working at a coffin, by night, which his father had neglected to make, when he hears a tapping at the door as though it were struck by a willow bough—one of the boughs margining the stream into which the drunkard has tumbled. Doubtless some north-country superstition. I think these fancies noteworthy, as occurring in the novels of such women as Charlotte Brontë and Margaret Evans.

Let me conclude with Charles Dickens.

His vividness of imagination, wonderful powers of description, and exquisite sympathy with all that can interest, delight, or appal, render him pre-eminent in ghost-land. His love of the grotesque and extravagant, too, find there ample room and verge enough to disport themselves. Accordingly, his are among the best and most perfectly-wrought ghost stories in modern fiction.

The story told by the queer old man, in *Pickwick*, of the ghost which appears to a poor tenant of "an old, damp, rotten set of chambers" in one of the inns of London, from within "a great lumbering wooden press for papers," is at once humorous and ghastly. After listening to the spectre's tale, the tenant remonstrates with it on the unreasonableness of its persistence in haunting the spot where it has been most miserable in life, representing that in all probability the press it occupies is populated with bed bugs (!), and finally prevails upon it to shift its quarters to some pleasanter locality. This is eminently Dickensy. "Boz" almost invariably chaffs his ghosts, thus satisfying one's common-sense objections to them, and heightening the awfulness of the effect when the serious business begins. Remember the interview between Scrooge and the ghostly Marley, in the *Christmas Carol*, and observe how artfully the mind of the reader has been prepared for the introduction of the supernatural by what precedes it. Christmas eve, the seven years' anniversary of his partner's death, fog and frost, the dull, old, gloomy suite of London chambers in which nobody lives but Scrooge, the awful though ludicrous transformation of the door knocker into Marley's face, the black, echoing stair-case up which a visionary hearer precedes the old miser, the disused bell that, as he sits solitary over his gruel, begins to swing "softly in the outset, but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house!" the clanking noise, as of heavy chains in the cellar below, the noise coming up stairs, and then—THE GHOST! There is no finer thing in ghostly fiction than the *Christmas Carol*, as there is no more perfect story.

The tale of the Genius of Suicide and Despair who, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, appears to the Baron of Grogzwick when about to commit self-murder, and by inadvertently admitting that he would be a great fool for carrying out his intentions causes him to abandon them, is treated in a similar manner to the old man's story just alluded to. That of "the Goblins who stole a Sexton," in *Pickwick*, is eminently grotesque and fantastic, conveying a beautiful moral. The Phantom in the *Ghost's Bargain*, an embodiment (if I may so speak of a spectre) of morbid retrospection, which first appears appropriately growing out of the shadow cast by the Haunted Man, though awfully depicted, I cannot think so much of a success. Dickens is so good at ghosts in general, that he has raised the standard by which to judge them.

But my subject has run its course. I propose to talk of realities in future.

"Art is picture-painting, not picture-writing. Beethoven, in his symphonies, may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic, if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions. The poet who has only profound meanings, and not the witchery which is to carry his expression of these meanings home to our hearts, has failed. The primary requisite of poetry is that it shall move us; not that it shall instruct us."—G. H. Lewes' *Life and Works of Goethe*.

THE PLEASURES OF COMPOSITION.—"It is an incomparable pleasure to play an airy tune or well-contrived concert; but to be author of it, is a kind of unknown delight. I have heard many scholars, in vain, importune their masters for some directions to this purpose, that they would crown their pains and joys with this last consummating kindness; whose charity, notwithstanding, has been so strait, or else their ignorance so obstinate, that those just entreaties were frustrated."

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—"The butterflies die with the setting sun, and live not to disport themselves in the morning beams. You are happier, you little human butterflies: you sported for awhile at the rising of the sun of life, and flew over a bright world full of flowers, and sank before the morning dew had disappeared."—Jean Paul Richter.

## Poetry.

## THE DEATH OF BEETHOVEN.

SAD thought, for one whose breath  
Was music: "None can catch the strain,  
And I have for them sung in vain:  
No fame till after death!"

But sadder, when the voice  
Of his own melody no more  
Could reach him, and the sounds before  
So sweet no more rejoice.

A lighter trouble grew  
The fame withheld than loss of this,  
The only joy that he could miss—  
The only joy he knew.

Once weary, old, and poor,  
He through the forest stray'd; at night  
How welcome shone the chink of light  
Under a cottage door!

He enter'd, and "Abide,"  
They said, "beneath our humble roof."  
He stay'd, but from them stay'd aloof,  
Nor question'd, nor replied.

A spinnet by the wall  
Was placed; to it the father went,  
And touch'd the homely instrument;—  
His sons obey'd the call,

And each on rustic lute  
Began such harmony to raise,  
As might have won the Master's praise  
Who sat so lone and mute.

Yet nothing reach'd his ear:  
Though each who play'd, with rapture seem'd  
Enchanted, and his eyelids stream'd  
Oft with a joyous tear.

They ceased, and spake the guest:  
"I cannot hear, and yet I see  
The influence of a melody,  
Which kindles every breast.

Show me, I pray, the score,  
And whose the notes you love so much,  
For I could almost think them such  
As I have heard before."

They brought the precious sheet;  
With scarce a glance, the bard divine  
Just murmur'd, "Yes, the work is mine!"  
Then fainted in his seat.

"Beethoven!" was the cry:—  
Reviving as he heard his name,  
He saw the near approach of fame,  
Yet felt his end was nigh.

"At last, at last," he said,  
"The glory comes, but comes too late:  
No longer can my spirit wait;  
For this alone it stay'd!"

## THE FALLEN STAR.

As I watch'd a star in heaven,  
Splendid to the view,  
I beheld it of a sudden  
Dart adown the blue.

Down beneath the far horizon  
Shooting out of sight,  
It had vanish'd ere my vision  
Could o'ertake its flight.

Looking up again to heaven,  
I would fain have seen  
Whence the star but now had fallen,—  
Where its light had been.

But above all seem'd unalter'd,  
All as bright and fair;  
Not a part of space more empty,  
Not a star less there.

So, I thought, a soul may vanish  
From the midst of men,  
Leaving earth as full as ever  
To the common ken;—

Yea, a soul of such a measure  
With its thoughts unfur'd,  
That it seem'd to its own thinking  
But another world.

To itself each soul appeareth  
Wide as heaven's zone:  
Every soul into another  
As a star alone.

In each soul a world existeth,  
Be it large or small;  
And the least with souls is studded—  
What if one should fall!

## MUSIC.

BLESSED be God for Music! Oh, sweet sound  
Falls on my spirit like the dew from heaven  
Upon the thirsting plant in the parch'd ground,  
By which new joy, the light of life, is given.

For when I hear it with its sister Song,  
Often the joy-tears overflow mine eyes,  
And from my heart to God a countless throng  
Of yearning hopes and aspirations rise.

Solemnly slow, impressive, or consoling,  
I love to hear it flood the sacred aisles;  
The voluntary from the organ rolling,  
Or the sweet hymns which angels hear with smiles.

Each dulcet note is as a rosebud cast  
Upon my path—I feel its incense rise,  
And strive to hold the ethereal flowret fast,  
Until, in echoes sweet, it undulating dies.

God, when He made the world so beautiful—  
Bright skies, fair flowers, and the majestic sea—  
Knew that this world, though vast and wonderful,  
With all its grandeur would not perfect be,

Until He gave to Earth its soul of sound.  
Go forth, and hear the mighty waves of Ocean  
Pour forth their grand *Te Deum*: they redound  
With Music, waking spiritual emotion.

Yes, God created Music! He, whose voice  
Controls the whirlwind—the Mighty, the For-ever!  
Who bade the Morn and Evening to rejoice,  
And the bright Stars for joy to sing together.

And to the Flowers He gave a voice—how know we  
That fragrance is not Music, so refined,  
So soft, so gentle, that the Angels only  
Can hear the sound, unknown to mortal mind?

For there is Music in all things we love—  
In the sweet laugh of unaffected glee—  
In the kind word which, like the gentle Dove,  
Bearth the olive-branch across Life's troubled sea.

Sweet is the melian Music of the Night—  
The Summer wind invisible, which lingers  
Around the myrtle trees and rosebuds bright,  
And harps upon the boughs with unseen fingers;—

The voice of birds, sweet minstrels of the wild-wood;  
The hum of bees, which brings so fondly back  
A thousand dreams and fancies of dear childhood—  
Of friends who smile not now upon my track.

Bless'd be God, that when the groves of Eden  
Lost their primeval grandeur, and Earth's flowers  
Were set with thorns, He did not take from men  
The heavenly solace, Music's softening powers.

He knew without it drear this world would be;  
And gazing down the corridor of ages  
To the great portals of Eternity,  
He saw the tears that stain'd the Future's pages;—

He knew how many a time the spirit weary  
Would be refresh'd, the eye of sorrow brighten—  
The powers that it possess'd to cheer the dreary—  
He knew how many a bosom's care 'twould lighten.

He knew how many a cheek, with suffering pallid,  
Would feel a flush of pleasure at its voice,  
How many a sinking spirit would be rallied,  
How many a mourning one it would rejoice!

And He endow'd it with still holier powers,  
To waken in the heart pure thoughts of bliss,  
To steal the soul from love of withering flowers,  
And bear our thoughts to regions far from this—

To realms where discord can disturb us never;  
Where no rude voices break the spells of song,  
But where unwearied we shall hear for ever  
The sacred harpings of an Angel throng!

## THE CHILD OF SONG.

## A SONNET.

'Mid mindless things where sounds the cheering lay?  
Not in the serpent's hiss or tiger's growl,  
Not in the frog's harsh croak, or jackal's howl,  
Not in the hog's rude grunt or ass's bray;

Not in the voice of aught that 'mid earth's clay  
Doth trudge or wallow, burrow, creep or prowl,—  
Of aught prone-gazing, fierce, uncouth, or foul,  
To earth, as but of earth, confined for aye.

No; not from such as these is music heard,  
But from the winged native of the air,  
That men might learn from the harmonious bird,  
Blithe, upward-soaring, innocent and fair,

Duly to prize the gift on birds conferr'd,  
And these their proper part on earth to bear.

## Songs for Music.

## OH, WHY ART THOU LOITERING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING?

Oh! why art thou loitering, beautiful Spring?  
Long, long, have we waited thy smiles to behold,  
To see thy blue skies, and to hear the birds sing,  
As in the bright days of the roses of old.

Oh, come—loiter not! for with peans of praise  
We will greet the first dawn of thy beautiful days.  
Long, long have we seen on the ground the white snow;  
Long, long has been silent the rivulet's voice;

Long enough have we heard the cold winter winds blow,  
And we yearn for thy coming to make us rejoice:  
Return, then, again to thine own fairy dells,  
With cowslips, and violets, and bonnie blue bells!

We are weary beholding embroidered in ice  
The mystical semblance of beautiful flowers;  
For who could prefer the dead frozen device  
To the garland of beauty, that breathes in thy bowers?

And bright though the snowflakes of Winter may be,  
The snowdrops of Spring are more lovely to me!

## THE SNOWDROP.

WHILE the tardy Spring  
Is slumbering

Far, far away in harbours green,  
The snowdrop's seen

Up from its lowly bed through damp moss peeping.

With joy we see appear  
The first flower of the year;

Thrice welcome are ye here,  
What time the primrose in the mould is sleeping.

When Winter looketh down,  
With angry frown,

Upon thy innocent breast,  
Remain at rest,

Sweet flower of hope! and on thy sire's retreating

To his Northern gloom,  
Rise from thy snowy tomb,

Herald of bud and bloom,  
And give the new-born year a merry greeting.

## THE FROST.

WHEN snow lies thick o'er wood and field,  
And all around is chill,

And, by the bitter frost congeal'd,  
The stream is deathly still;

Yet under nature's frigid shell  
How life doth aye abound:

The surface yieldeth to the spell:  
The heart beats underground.

And so the freezing wind of woe  
May chill the outward man,

Till none would deem that deep below  
A tide of feeling ran;

But let affection's genial ray  
Dissolve the frozen crust,

And we may see the heart display  
A wealth of joy and trust.

## OVER THE RIVER.

PARTED for ever! oh, dread words of sorrow!

When the dark shadow falls over the heart,

We breathe them, nor think of the glorious morrow  
That dawns when the season of death shall depart.

We turn a deaf ear to the voice of creation,  
When, wilder'd with grief, we bend over the tomb;

And we take not to heart the sweet, sweet consolation,  
After the wintry winds summer flowers bloom.

Parted for ever! parted for ever!

Oh, no! soon again the dear ones we shall see:

Over the river, over the river,  
Angels are waiting and watching for me!

Often I fancy I hear their fond voices,  
Borne, like sweet music, upon the hush'd wind:

I know by the echo each dear one rejoices,  
Nor shares in the grief of the loved left behind.

"No, no," they repeat, "o'er the dark troubled river  
We cannot return from our beautiful shore;

And believe, oh, believe not we're parted for ever!  
For soon shall we meet to be parted no more."

Parted for ever! parted for ever!

Oh, no! soon again the dear ones we shall see:

Over the river, over the river,  
Angels are waiting and watching for me!

## LILY.

ALL my lake lilies have vanish'd,  
Faded as clouds in the air:

By-and-by they will rise from the water,—  
The fairies have hidden them there.

But where is my own little Lily?  
Oh, hidden in heaven is she!

She is hid by the angels in glory,  
And may not be found of me.

She was the best of the lilies,  
Fairer and purer than all;

And now they detain her in heaven,  
Or she would come back to my call.

I'm longing to see my sweet flower,  
Whose half-open'd bud was so fair:

By the river of life she is blooming,  
And shall I not follow her there?

How will it be, little Lily?

Then shall I call you in vain?

Should I not then, if I miss'd you,  
Perish in heaven with pain?

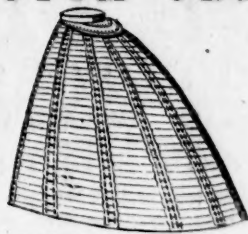
As in old times, only brighter,  
Won't you be waiting for me,

And will not the bloom of my Lily  
Be one of the first things I see?

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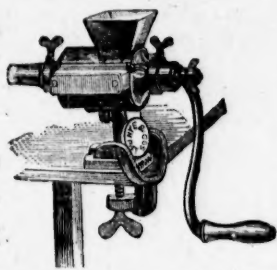
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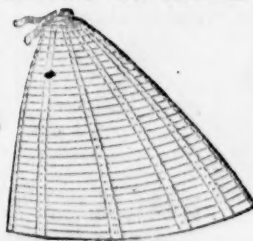
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